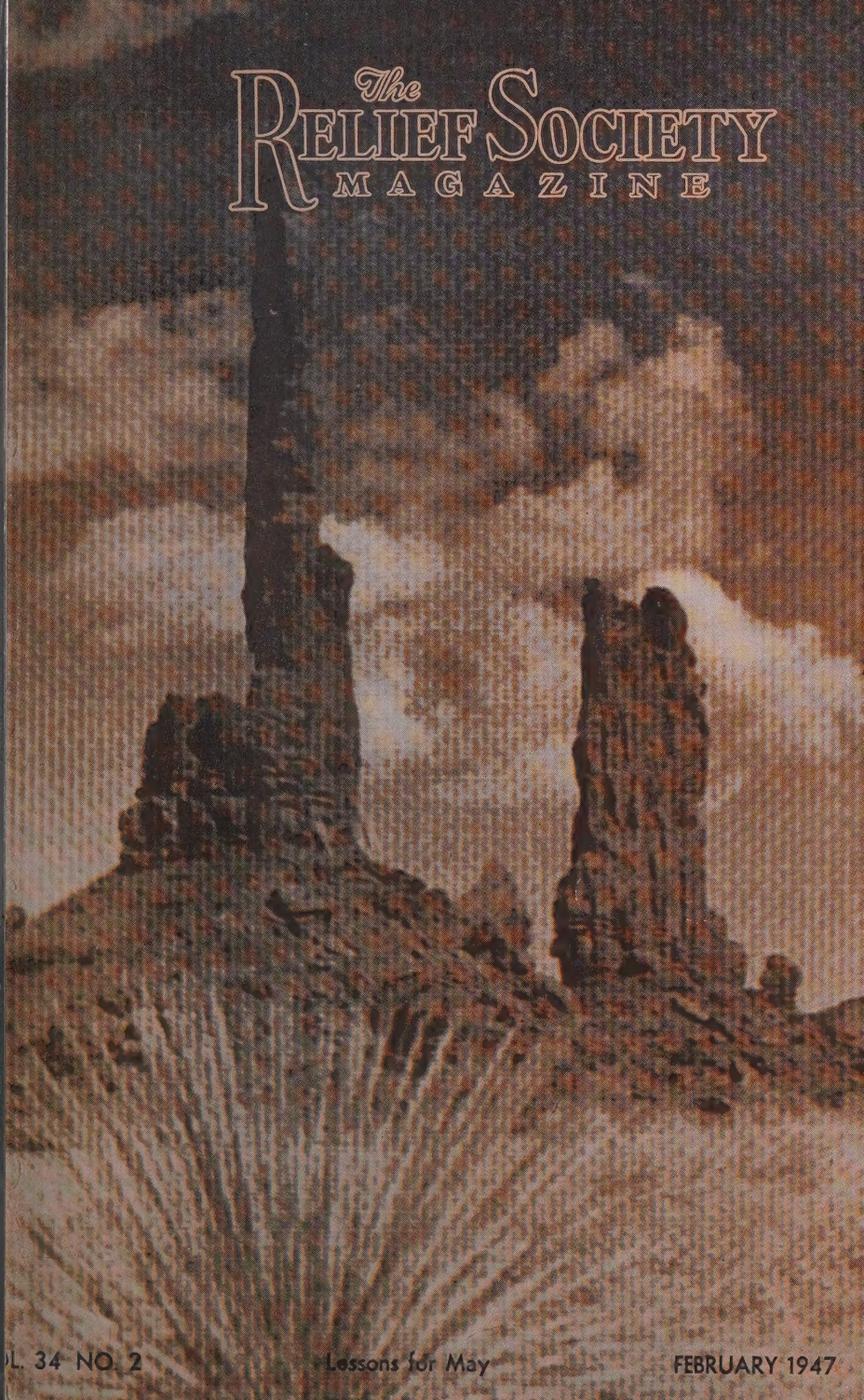
The Relief Society Magazine



VOL. 34 NO. 2 Lessons for May FEBRUARY 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1947

THEY SAY OF YOU

Berta H. Christensen

They say, who see your picture on a wall,
That you were kindly—lean, and tall
Of stature; quite devoid of human greed,
A man who met a crucial hour's need
As few have done; who would not nourish hate,
Who moved with humbleness among the great.
They say you paced the corridor at night
And prayed, in solitude, for wisdom's light,
But held, though yearning for the guns to cease,
A fettered soul too great a price for peace.
You knew men's hearts, and I have heard it said,
You understood, because your own had bled;
Lincoln, in that dark night you glimpsed the dawn—
Walk with us yet—the shadows have not gone.

The Cover: "Nature's Totem Pole," Monument Valley, Utah.
—Photograph by Willard Luce

Courtesy, President Brossard

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AND OTHER CHURCH LEADERS WHO MET IN WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 1945, TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR SENDING RELIEF SUPPLIES TO EUROPEAN SAINTS

Standing in front of the Washington Ward chapel, left to right: Elder Joseph Anderson; Elder John A. Widtsoe; Elder German S. Ellsworth; President George Albert Smith; Elder Thomas E. McKay; Elder Edgar B. Brossard, President of Washington Stake.

European Relief

Elder Marion G. Romney
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Report of food, clothing, and shoes sent by the Church in Zion, through its Welfare Program, to Church members (and others) in Europe, between October 29, 1945, and December 1946.

* * * *

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat . . . naked, and ye clothed me . . . Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Matt. 25:35, 36, 40).

WHEN the "cease fire" order was given in Europe on V-E day, May 8, 1945, there were approximately 30,000 Church members in the European missions. A complete and accurate record is being compiled, but it is not yet available. The best information at hand indicates that the membership in the respective missions was as follows:

Group I (Liberated Countries)	
Swedish (Finland Only)	55
Norwegian	1,500
Danish	1,500
Netherlands (Holland)	2,990
French (Including Belgium)	700
Swiss-Austrian (France Only)	200
Czechoslovakian	300
	7,245
Group II (German Countries)	
Swiss-Austrian (Austria Only)	300
East and West German	14,100
	14,400
Group III	
British (This figure is probably high)	5,000
Swedish (Except Finland)	1,645
Swiss-Austrian (Switzerland Only)	1,500
	8,145

The total of the three groups is 29,790.

The saints living in the missions located in the liberated and German countries were in desperate need. In these countries, cities had been bombed, transportation systems disrupted, industries demolished, farms and gardens trampled out and livestock driven off, and the substance of the people destroyed. For many months, the liberated countries had been occupied by a bitter and desperate invader. The people had been robbed and plundered of the present necessities of life, and, in so far as possible, the means of producing these necessities for the future had been destroyed or carted away. As the peoples in Group I were being "liberated," a conquering enemy, in some instances equally bitter and desperate, moved in upon the German countries to reap revenge. The 21,645 saints in the liberated and German controlled countries needed bedding, clothing, and shoes immediately, and most of them were suffering for food.

The saints listed in Group III were in better circumstances. Switzerland and Sweden had not been at war and were largely self-sustaining. The people in the British Isles had suffered much in the war, but were in large measure able to secure for

themselves life's necessities with money received, in the main, from the United States, through lend-lease funds and otherwise.

Some bedding, clothing, shoes, and food, however, have been sent to the saints in the British Isles from the stakes and missions in Canada. The Relief Society sisters in the Canadian Mission have rendered a most noteworthy service in this program. In this connection, the European Mission headquarters reported in February of last year that:

> The many packages received by the saints (in the British Isles) through the Church Welfare Program have filled a very great need and have given the saints new hope and courage. . . . Much distress has been alleviated through the Church Welfare Program, and the packages which the saints have received, and are daily receiving, have manifested in very deed the brotherly love and affection that binds the Church together. Grateful appreciation from saints in all parts of the mission is being expressed daily.

The hearts and hands of all welfare-minded saints in the stakes and missions of the Church responded in unison to alleviate the suffering across the sea. Many sent unsolicited cash contributions to be used in defraying transportation and other costs.

Transportation and distribution was a major problem. Transportation systems were high on the priority list of the enemy war potential, and, in all countries, had been systematically bombed and otherwise destroyed. Shipping was overburdened, carrying men and war material. Restrictions and regulations incident to military government were cumbersome and delaying. In November 1945, President George Albert Smith headed a delegation to Washington, and contacted heads of United States government departments, from the President down, building good will and clearing away transportation obstacles.

The sending of relief supplies into the German countries was absolutely prohibited through 1945 and the early months of 1946. Shipments in bulk by boat to the liberated countries were slow and extremely difficult during 1945. Under these conditions, and in view of the fact that the most urgent need of the saints in the liberated countries was for bedding, clothing, and shoes, it was determined to send these items to them by parcel post, which was by far the fastest transportation. Post-office regulations permitted the sending of packages not heavier than eleven pounds each. Arrangements were made with most of the governments in the liberated countries to admit the packages duty free.

IT was determined to send an eleven- pound package of bedding and an eleven-pound package of clothing for each of the 7,245 Church members in the liberated countries. There were available in bishops' storehouses throughout the Church, 3,326 quilts, 175 blankets, and 1,655 pairs of shoes. These quilts had been made during the war years by the Relief Societies as part of the annual Church Welfare budget. In most cases, the material had been donated by the sisters of the Relief Society or purchased with money from the Relief Society charity funds. In addition to the quilts and

blankets in the bishops' storehouses, he Relief Societies in "war risk" reas had on hand 6,636 quilts and ,941 blankets in their war emergen-y kits, which they made available o the Church Welfare Program to neet this exigency in Europe. These its had been accumulated against n emergency under the supervision f the General Relief Society Presi-lency at the instance of the First 'residency of the Church.

The bedding in the bishops' store-ouses and in the ward Relief So-iety war-emergency kits was moved nto stake and regional bishops' torehouses, where it was packed nto eleven-pound packages (in most art by Relief Society sisters) and prepared for shipment by parcel post.

During the latter part of November and the first part of December 1945, the Relief Society teachers left with every family in the stakes of Zion located in the United States, a written invitation to take to their ward meeting houses on December 10th and 11th, "for the suffering European saints, the good, clean clothing which has been accumulated in Latter-day Saint homes, available for this purpose." Later, a similar program was adopted and carried through in the missions of the United States and Canada.

In response to these calls, approximately 596,848 good, wearable ar-

otograph Courtesy of the Deseret News

ORTING CLOTHING FOR THE EUROPEAN SAINTS, WELFARE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

ticles of clothing and 36,341 pairs of shoes were voluntarily donated. This clothing was sorted, mended, and classified, largely by the Relief Society sisters, and moved into stake and regional storehouses, where it was packed and prepared for shipment. Frequently, a few items, such as a bar of soap, a can of concentrated food, a package of needles, or some other needed item was placed in the packages to bring them to the proper weight.

Between October 29, 1945, and March 31, 1946, 14,679 eleven-pound packages of bedding, clothing, and shoes were mailed by the Church in Zion to the saints in the missions in the liberated countries. These packages were mailed from the following welfare regions:

Bannock
Boise
Cache
Central Utah
Eastern Idaho
Jordan Valley
Northern Utah
Salt Lake
Southern California
Virgin River

Packages were also sent from the Washington, Chicago, and New York Stakes, which are not in regions, and from the New England Mission.

Where names and addresses of saints were known, packages were addressed directly to them. Most of the packages, however, were sent to the European mission and district presidents to be distributed by them, with the help of the Relief Society presidents, among the saints according to need. There were also sent to these same countries, apportioned according to population, 4,532 packages, each containing 100 capsules of vitamins.

We do not, as yet, have a complete record from all the missions as to how many of the parcels sent have reached their destination, but we do have a report that, as of the 12th day of April, 1946, 3,384 of the 3,608 parcels sent to Norway had been received in good condition and that "fifteen of the eleven-pound packages containing a total of 641 boxes of vitamins have arrived."

Soon letters of appreciation from the European saints began to arrive. From them the following typical excerpts are quoted:

From the French Mission:

My mother, who doesn't speak English, asked me to thank you for your parcels. It was a very good surprise for us—I say for us because I benefited by them, too. My mother gave me the dress, which fits me very well, the baby clothes, and a blanket. I recently married, and it's very difficult in France to find any bedding. Before that we covered ourselves with our coats.

From the Danish Mission:

We thank you very much for the packages which we received from America. My wife was so happy that she cried for joy, and jointly we send our heartiest thanks which we ask you to forward to the Church in America. My wife says it was the greatest joy she had since May 5th (the day of our liberation). We are happy and grateful to the Church.

From the Norwegian Mission:

To those who sent those wonderful packages with clothing, I am sending grateful thanks. A thousand times thanks. It was a wonderful Christmas present to me and my two sisters. We praise those who are doing it in their life and in action. In all God's creation we see all these wonderful things.

Photograph Courtesy of the Deseret News

PACKING CLOTHING FOR THE EUROPEAN SAINTS ON WELFARE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

From the Netherlands Mission (Holland):

Herewith take I the liberty to send you this letter in reply of your parcel that you have sent us last month from your country. We will tell you, dear brothers, we are very happy with these packets that you have sent to us. All the same, we are happy with these things that we receive from the members, brothers and sisters and more from the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Never we forget these things, they are the best our life, because we found here the original faith in our Father in Heaven. As we have any food for one week much little (1 roll of 400 gram), we sing our songs by organ in the living room and no electric light, all darkness.

The parcel sent by you October 29th has been received. Accept all of you who have contributed our sincere thanks. It was a very fine variety of goods, which enabled us to again really wash, and to sew with real thread, for we were not used to that in a great while. There has been a lot of good things gathered together by the saints in Zion and made us conscious of the unity in spirit and cause, which means to help those who belong to that same kingdom. We hope God will bless you all for what you have done for your fellow brethren and sisters.

Sometime ago it came to my mind to write a letter to thank you for the box of clothes I received from the Church Welfare. I don't know if this letter will come to the place where it belongs because I don't know to whom to write, so I am addressing it to the address that was on the box. In the box sent to me was a lady's coat, a dress, two suits underwear, a shirt, sweater, two pair stockings, and five bars of soap.

We went on our knees with thankful hearts to our Heavenly Father for the

things we needed so much. We thank the members of the Church that have done this for us. We thank the Church for this nice and wise plan and that you are mindful of us here in our so poor Netherland. Oh, how much happiness it will bring among God's children, and what happiness to receive these things at this time. We can't buy much over here and everything is so high in price and not much good, what we can get. But God is good. He knows just what his children are in need of and he takes care of us. What a pleasure it is to get things from America.

ELDER EZRA TAFT BENSON, former president of the European Mission, and his office have reported as follows as to the effect the receipt of these packages has had in the respective European missions:

French Mission (including Belgium):

February 24, 1946: The Welfare boxes have arrived in good condition.

April 12, 1946: In a special meeting in Liege with Elder Paul Devignez, acting mission president, and with his counselors, it was learned that over 600 Welfare packages have been received by the saints. All packages have been opened upon entering the country and some items have been removed by marauders, but the items received have in large measure taken care of their present clothing needs, and over 100 packages have been set aside by the saints for shipment to the members in Germany as soon as permission to do so is obtained.

Danish Mission:

February 23, 1946: A considerable number of Church Welfare packages have been received by the saints. Food in Denmark is more plentiful now than probably any other country in Europe and even during the war the saints were well fed. Clothing is still quite difficult to secure, but the welfare packages have alleviated this need and the saints are in excellent physical and spiritual health.

February 24, 1946: The Welfare packages have been received and deeply appreciated . . . . None of the products received have entered the "Black Market."

Swedish Mission (Finland Only):

February 23, 1946: The Church has one small branch in Finland. These saints have been grievously impoverished by the war and are finding the Welfare packages most helpful.

February 24, 1946: Shipments to Finland should be continued and increased, with emphasis on food, shoes, and children's and infants' clothing.

Norwegian Mission:

February 23, 1946: The people of Norway are quite run down physically because of the rigors of long enemy occupation of their land. Much of the need has been relieved through the assistance received from the saints in the Danish and Swedish missions and the present Welfare shipments are continuing to give them the more necessary items of food, clothing, and bedding.

Netherlands Mission (Holland):

February 23, 1946: Much of the critical need for food, clothing, and bedding has been filled through the generous number of relief packages received by the saints from the Church Welfare project.

February 24, 1946: Welfare packages have been arriving in good condition and are being distributed through branch presidents. . . . In this, and in all other missions, there is in evidence a feeling of deep gratitude for the material assistance rendered. In no case have we found that any of the Welfare commodities have found their way into the "Black Market."

April 12, 1946: Thousands of packages have been received from the Church Welfare committee. With the exception of the occupied areas, the need for continued assistance is probably most critical and urgent in Holland and Norway.

Czechoslovakian Mission:

April 1, 1946: In Czechoslovakia they had received only 30 packages, practically all of which had been opened and

most of the readily edible food products removed.

Of interest in connection with the shipment of these parcels was a letter from a postal employee in the Amsterdam, West Holland, post office, which read in part:

> Being a postal official at the Central Station Post Office at Amsterdam, charged with the distribution and forwarding of postal parcels, I picked up your address among the senders. As many articles are very scant here in Holland or even not to be had at all, I kindly beg to request you to send me a postal parcel, if possible, containing some men's and women's underwear and textile goods. I should not have had the courage to ask you this favour, but as I told you already, I need it badly. I know that the remittance of money to your country is not yet allowed, but I assure you that I shall send you the amount due as soon as it will be permitted to remit money again, and I am gladly willing to do you a service in return.

His request was, of course, granted. A parcel was sent to him and a parcel was sent for his wife, which they received and gratefully acknowledged.

WHILE the parcel post packages were being dispatched, every effort was being made to arrange shipment of relief supplies to Europe, in bulk, by rail and boat. Under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church, members of the General Authorities, the General Church Welfare Committee, and others contacted government departments and agencies in Washington, shipping companies and relief agencies in New York, and other water-front cities, and railroad officers and offices in all parts of the United States to arrange for bulk shipments. The oft-repeated counsel of President Smith was, "Give the Lord a chance," and it truly seemed that the Lord paved the way for successful negotiations, for everywhere the finest spirit of understanding and co-operation was encountered. Particularly helpful and co-operative have been the American Relief for Holland, and Mr. Victor H. Scales of that organization. Ways were opened up early in 1946 for shipment by rail and boat into all the missions in the liberated countries.

It was determined to supplement the parcel post shipments with bedding, clothing, and shoes enough to provide for the needs of the saints through the winter of 1946-1947, and to send them enough soap and such foods as dried beans, cracked wheat, canned vegetables, canned fruits, canned meats, pork and beans, evaporated milk, and jams to last them through September 1946, the end of the harvest season.

The clothing was available from the collection above described, and the foodstuffs were, in the main, in the bishops' storehouses throughout the Church, an eloquent testimony to the inspiration of the First Presidency in urging the continued production of the annual Church Welfare budget during the weary war years when, to many, such production seemed an unnecessary burden. To the Relief Society is due credit for helping to carry on with the burden during that critical time, particularly in the canning of fruits and vegetables.

The first two carload shipments left Salt Lake City on February 15, 1946. They reached Norway on the 5th of April, 1946 Of them,

President A. Richard Peterson of the Norwegian Mission wrote:

On the 5th of April the two carloads of food and clothing arrived aboard the SS Idefjord. The first part of the shipment to be unloaded was the "Treet." Of the 300 cases reportedly shipped, two were lost in shipment and we received 298 cases. On the 10th we hauled this meat to mission headquarters for storage.

The rest of the shipment was not completely unloaded from the ship until after the Easter holiday, and it was not possible to have all this shipment stored until the 25th of April. We received excellent cooperation from the Priesthood. Two brethren with trucks were engaged in hauling and twenty-five others assisted in loading at the docks and unloading in the storeroom in the basement of the mission headquarters. The work progressed rapidly and the brethren enjoyed working one with another on the project. The sisters of the Relief Society arranged and prepared wonderful luncheon meals on the days we were engaged in the work.

It was pleasing to note that loss and damage were kept at a minimum. There seems to have been two cases of meat and one case of milk which were missing upon arrival. However, the cases were, on the whole, in very good shape and, of course, the contents fully protected. The ammunition boxes used were very fine, and it was found that the wire bindings used were of great value. The milk and cracked wheat, which came in cardboard boxes, arrived in good shape. However, there were a few bags of wheat which were broken and about four dozen cans of milk punctured and dented, evidently due to rough handling during transit. Four men's suits were missing from one box, and a dozen men's shirts in another. Otherwise, the clothing was in excellent condition.

There had previously been assembled the number of saints in each branch so the food could be equally distributed, and the needs and sizes of clothing compiled, in order to be able to distribute the clothing where it would do the most good and be used to the best advantage.

The saints were pleasantly surprised at the amount of food and clothing they received, and in the way it had been prepared. The saints are especially anxious for the saints in Zion to know how much they appreciate their efforts in making this Welfare contribution, and their sincere thanks is expressed to all.

With further reference to this shipment, President Ezra Taft Benson, lately of the European Mission, and his office, sent the following report from Stavanger, Norway, under date of May 2, 1946:

The carload of clothing and food already received, and on which President Peterson wrote you April 12th, has proven a great blessing to the people of this mission. We found, on our arrival, that President Peterson has made distribution of most of these two carloads. It is almost impossible to overestimate the value of these Welfare shipments to the Norwegian saints, including the mission president and his staff, who have also been short of food.

With the arrival of the carload of clothing, the carload of food, and 300 cases of meat from Zion, the saints in this mission have been adequately supplied with necessary wearing apparel and many items of food which were critically short.

To see the large number of members almost completely outfitted in American clothing makes one feel as though he were speaking to an American audience. The gratitude of the saints is reflected in their increased activity and devotion to the Church. Too much cannot be said for the feeling of brotherhood this has engendered among our people.

And from Bergen:

Here the saints tendered us a hearty reception and evidence of the invaluable assistance which has come through the Welfare Program to these good people could be noted on every hand. They look well and strong and are better clothed and fed now than the average.

The rest of the shipments have gone forward to the saints in the liberated countries with regularity and all possible dispatch. While we do not have complete reports as to their arrival at their destination, we do have a report made by President Benson to the First Presidency, dated May 21, 1946, as to the Netherlands, as follows:

> The first carloads of Welfare supplies have arrived, but most of them have not yet been unloaded due to strikes at the water front. Those unloaded thus far appear to be in good condition. A survey of the needs of all members in the mission has been conducted, and arrangements to quickly distribute the needed articles in so far as they are available have been made.

Shipping to foreign countries has been a new procedure in Church Welfare, and it has been heartening to see how quickly and how well it has been mastered. The untiring work of men and women in the wards, stakes, regions, and missions is gratefully acknowledged. Special mention is due Brother Roscoe W. Eardley of the General Church Welfare Committee and his staff, who have directed the actual shipments.

WITH the able help of President Ezra Taft Benson, lately of the European Mission, arrangements were made for sending supplies to the saints in the missions in the German countries. On the 8th day of May, 1946, the first carload lots left

Photograph Courtesy of the Deseret News

LOADING BOXES OF WOMEN'S COATS ON A FREIGHT CAR FOR SHIPMENT TO THE SAINTS OVERSEAS

Salt Lake City, destined for Munich and Haag, Austria. On June 15, 1946, they had arrived in Geneva, Switzerland, and were being checked and divided for destination.

Since then, shipments have been made to sixteen different points within the German countries designated by Brother Benson. They have included bedding, clothing, shoes, and food. The quality and the quantity in proportion to Church membership have been comparable to that sent to the liberated countries.

Of the arrival at their destination of these supplies sent to Germany we have had no further word. Knowing the hazards of transporting foodstuffs and clothing, for which people are in such desperate need in that unfortunate country, we are anxiously awaiting a reassuring report.

A call recently reached us from the saints in Syria, where we have about 100 members. On June 14, 1946, we sent to them:

161 cases canned fruits
268 cases canned vegetables
25 cases canned meat
25 cases canned milk
10 cases grain drinks
7 cases soap
1,082 pieces men's clothing
1,153 pieces women's clothing
2,258 pieces children's clothing
606 pieces babies' clothing

The Church, through the Welfare Program, has also contributed liberal quantities of clothing and shoes for general distribution among non-Church members in some of the European countries where the need has been greatest, notably in the Netherlands.

On the 27th day of June, 1946, another carload of relief supplies was dispatched for Europe. These bulk shipments, exclusive of those sent by parcel post, included:

525,360 cans vegetables
196,989 cans fruits
29,919 cans meat
94,272 cans evaporated milk
11,760 cans pork and beans
4,248 cans jam
74,526 lbs. dried beans
87,045 lbs. cracked wheat
112 cases grain drinks
16,600 bars soap
3,888 cans sorghum
512,848 pieces clothing
31,341 pairs shoes

* * * *

December 31, 1946: Since the foregoing report was prepared, there have been sent by parcel post to the saints in the European Mission, from the stake Welfare regions, and missions in the United States, seventy-nine eleven-pound packages of food, clothing, and shoes.

In addition to these parcel post packages, there have been sent, by rail and boat, three and one-fourth cars of clothing and shoes, and five cars of food, containing:

21,048 cans vegetables
9,600 cans fruits
21,728 cans meat
34,416 cans evaporated milk
13,920 cans dried whole milk
11,520 cans pork and beans
600 cans jam
4,128 pounds dried beans
168 cans honey
220,500 pounds cracked wheat
50 cases grain drink
300 bars soap
168 packages soap powder
1,200 cans sorghum
166,556 pieces clothing
11,921 pairs shoes

We have the purported names and addresses of 109 Church-member families living in Japan. For

the last few weeks, United States post-office regulations have permitted the sending of eleven-pound parcel post packages to Japan. The Central Pacific Mission has sent 200 such packages, containing clothing, medicine, and food, to these Japanese saints. From the Central Bishops' Storehouse on Welfare Square in Salt Lake City, 154 packages of food, clothing, and first-aid supplies have been mailed to them. These packages have been prepared by the Japanese saints in the Salt Lake area under the supervision of the General Church Welfare Committee.

The whole program has been directed by the First Presidency of the Church, who have given it close personal attention. It has been supervised by the General Church Welfare Committee, with whom the General Relief Society Presidency has worked in the closest harmony.

* * * *

And now, what lies ahead we do not specifically know. We do know, however, that in the stakes of Zion the Welfare production of commodities was approximately three and one fourth times greater, in 1943, than was the distribution of commodities in that year through bishops' storehouses; and that, in 1945, the distribution through bishops' storehouses (not counting any relief for Europe) was greater than the production of Welfare commodities in 1945 (distribution was 107 per cent of production). We know, further, that the aid extended to our saints in Europe has taken approximately two thirds of our bishops' storehouse stocks.

It is no secret that a food crisis exists throughout the world. We are feeling the pinch of it in our own beloved United States. The First Presidency of the Church has sounded the call for the expansion and further development of the Church Welfare Plan, with ever-increasing production of the necessities of life. They have said that, "If the Welfare Plan is fully operative, we shall be able to care for every destitute Latter-day Saint wherever he may be."

From the past record of the Relief Society, we know that its members can, with confidence, be relied upon to increase their efforts on Welfare production projects so that in this, the day of demonstration for the Church, it shall "arise and shine forth, that" its "light may be a standard for the nations" (Doc. and Cov. 115:5).

WHAT THE LETTER SAID

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Your letter says that you are well;
You took a walk today;
You visited the Andersons,
Who live across the way.

It says you mended two long rents;
You practiced then, and read;
It says you had a busy day—
But that's not all it said.

For I found in between each line
The news I want to hear,
That all is right within your heart
And you are happy, dear.

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson Appointed to Presiding Bishopric

Elder Thomas E. Robinson, M.D.
First Counselor, Yale Ward Bishopric, Salt Lake City, Utah

THE THORPE B. ISAACSON FAMILY

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson, Lula Jones Isaacson; Joyce Isaacson Tribe; (Inset) Richard A. Isaacson.

BROTHER Thorpe B. Isaacson, who was appointed Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, December 14, 1946, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Brother Marvin O. Ashton, was born September 6, 1898 in Ephraim, Utah, the son of Martin Isaacson and Mary Jemima Beal Isaacson.

Born of goodly parents, he also can be justly proud of others of his progenitors. His grandfather, Peter Isaacson, was the only member of his family to join the Church in Denmark. He crossed the plains with the pioneers in 1855, and was soon sent by the Church authorities to help colonize Arizona. He later did much of the fine carpentry work on the Manti Temple, and lived in Ephraim for many years. He served the Church and the community faithfully until his death at the age of ninety-two.

Henry Beal, grandfather on his mother's side, was president of San-

pete Stake for many years. While serving in this capacity, he took a very active part in the founding of Snow College.

Brother Isaacson is a graduate of Snow College. He attended the Brigham Young University, the Utah State Agricultural College, and the University of California. He has had seventeen years of teaching and coaching experience with the youth of Utah and Idaho. He is more than favorably known among these many thousands of young people. A great athlete himself, he has inspired many boys to self-improvement. He has a very active and alert interest in all sports, and in the boys who play them.

Brother Isaacson married Lula Maughan Jones of Wellsville on June 16, 1920, in the Salt Lake Temple. They had three children, two of whom are living at the present time: Joyce Isaacson Tribe, twenty-three, the wife of Royal L. Tribe; and Richard A. Isaacson, twenty, now laboring in the New England Mission. Finer children no parents could want.

Brother Isaacson has been outstanding in his business achievements. At the time of his new appointment, he was general agent for Lincoln National Life Insurance Company in Utah, Idaho, and Nevada. He was named the most outstanding insurance man for that company in 1944.

He has had a fine experience in the Church. He was president of the elders' quorum in the Yale Ward before being called into the bishopric. In September 1941, Brother Isaacson was chosen by Bishop A. G. Olafson of Yale Ward to be his first counselor. While serving in this capacity, he had charge of the teachers' quorum, and for five years this quorum led the stake.

He is a fine "boys' man." He inspires boys because he knows their problems and can place himself easily and naturally on their level.

Brother Isaacson is a natural leader of men; he places responsibility well; and he has the capacity to inspire men to discharge well their responsibilities. He has the ability to discern problems quickly and to make rapid disposition of them. These attributes will aid him, materially, in the discharge of his new responsibilities where great wisdom must be associated with great dispatch in handling so many of the temporal affairs of the Church.

Brother and Sister Isaacson have also drunk deeply of one of the greatest of spiritual experiences. They lost their first child in infancy. Their only son was stricken with poliomyelitis and hovered close to death for several days. In this time of deep tribulation, came, perhaps, the deepest spiritual experience for Brother and Sister Isaacson. They came to know God, and God recognized their supplication in behalf of their son. Ever since, there has existed a closeness between this family and God that will only be further enriched by the experiences which will be forthcoming in Brother Isaacson's new calling. He will be respected for his ability, as well as for his deep concern for the welfare of his country and of his fellowmen, generally. That the Lord will magnify him further, that he may meet the responsibilities of his new calling, is the prayer all members of the Church have in their hearts for him.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

"Cast Thy Burden"

Rhea Reeder Smith

THIS spring seemed different to Ann. She often wondered why. Probably because growing to an adult brought responsibilities that, at times, she heartily disliked. Ann thought bitterly, I never thought life would be like this. I always thought that dreams came true. There's so much I expected and didn't get. It seems as if I never will.

This particular thought sent a fresh wave of resentment through her, and she began the day very badly. The eternal struggle with bills wearied her. There were so many demands, and never enough money to provide for all the things they really needed, let alone a little to save, or even enough, just once, to enjoy a foolish little luxury. It had been a long time since she and Doug had left the children to go out together.

Ann prepared breakfast, noticing all over again the shabbiness of the little house. The neglected condition gnawed at her eternally and filled her with constant resolution to have a home of her own. The chipped sink, the scuffed woodwork that all her washing would not cover, but only accented, annoyed her more, daily. Yet the possibility of having their own place seemed farther away each day.

RHEA REEDER SMITH

Ann brushed her hand across her forehead, as if to wipe away the tight feeling within her. It was a futile gesture. She sighed.

Doug asked, "Don't you feel any better today?"

Ann shook her head in a negative reply. She had really meant to start this day better. She had prayed that she would. Despondency had dwelt in her too long. Her attempts to conquer it were weak, and, instead, she had been conquered. She knew she had to fight this thing herself. No one could help her. Yet the bit-

terness came back too easily. She could not overcome it. Her state of mind was perilous.

Doug suggested, "Come and eat. You'll feel better." She ignored him and did not join him at the table. He did not urge her.

She was behaving like a small child, when she enjoyed his concern and wanted him to coax her. She was ashamed and wretched that she fought her battle like a weakling. Yet, this was the way the poison ate at her spirit.

Doug picked up his things to go to work. He drew a greenback out of his wallet and put it on the table. "Go buy yourself a new hat today. That's supposed to make a new woman out of anyone."

His calmness infuriated her. She wanted him to share her own frantic desires. She snapped back. "Then what about shoes for Rick, and money for the milkman, and the coal bill? We can't afford a new hat now, or a month from now! That's what is so discouraging!"

"Ann, what is the matter with you?"

She was ashamed to confess to him the wretchedness within her. She needed his help, yet dared not ask for it. She couldn't let him know the terrible things in her mind. She mumbled. "If we could only progress a little . . ."

Doug said, "That's so like you lately, Ann, you refuse to see a bright side ahead. You fling back any attempt I make to try to help. Couldn't you possibly believe in me a little more, or find some shred of hope to cling to? You did once. There are lots of things I want for my family, but being constantly upset about not having them won't help. The two of us can't succeed at anything with this wall between us!"

He strode out of the house and down the street. Ann watched him. A voice within her said, "I send him off to his work each day feeling this way."

Then the other Ann prompted, "A man can stand to go slowly. He sees enough progress at his employment to satisfy him. With a woman, there's so much daily routine, and not enough change, that slowness becomes almost unbearable."

Ann put her hand to her forehead again.

Young Rick tiptoed into the room and came up behind her, saying, "Boo!" He grinned. Close behind him was Cathy. They had just got up. Ann patted them and offered them a strained smile.

Cathy observed her mother closely and pleaded, "Be nice, Mamma."

Ann laughed and said, "I'll try, sweetheart."

She helped them to their places at the table. She loved them, and they were lots of fun. She was ashamed that she complained so often about the food they spilled, their grimy hands, and their little squabbles. She hadn't wanted to hurt Doug by reminding him of his inability to please her, yet she did it all, over and over again.

ANN cleared the table. She saw the money where Doug had thrown it. She put it in the cupboard, but seeing the money brought back the confusion. She thought, I know where to go to buy a new hat, but where can I go to get a new state of mind?

Today she had planned to wash the cupboards. Suddenly, she felt

as if the house smothered her. She couldn't stay inside any longer. She went outdoors and began to rake the yard. She felt a little better in the fresh air.

The mailman weaved his way down the street, with pleasant greetings for everyone he passed. He merely said, "Good morning," to Ann.

She thought, he sees this mix-up in me. He's afraid I'll snap at him, too. The bands around her head grew tighter. She shook her head to seek relief.

Doug had often told her, "You take everything too seriously, and imagine too much. You should forget yourself and the things you don't have."

The urge to get her work done persuaded her back into the house. She made the beds and dusted. Yet she was miserable. She sat on the couch in the living room and leaned her head against the wall. There was soon a cramp in her neck. She pulled at the cover on the couch, wishing it were a comfortable divan.

Cathy ran into the house. She seldom walked. "Can I have some bread and jelly?" Ann noticed the muddy tracks on the floor that followed the child in. She shook the child violently. "How many times have I told you not to track mud into the house?"

Ann knew this was an ugly scene. She relaxed her hold. Cathy ran from the house, crying.

The grime and clutter in a place like this only accented its shabbiness. Yet, it was unreasonable to expect small children not to make a muss in a home. Ann constantly nagged at the children about it.

Then there was a rap on the door. It was Mrs. Bingham. She was old and lived in a nice, big house. She was lonely and visited around the neighborhood a lot. Ann let her in and sat on the couch. There was an awkward silence.

"Don't you feel well, Ann?" Mrs. Bingham asked.

"I'm just having one of my bad days." She bit her lip. A little moisture came into her eyes.

Mrs. Bingham offered, "I know it's hard when your children are small, and your responsibilities seem almost more than you can bear. . ." She was a great-grandmother. "But the Lord provides ways to lighten the load. You and your husband are fine people and are making a desirable home for your children. It doesn't matter a lot if it's a rich home or a poor home, so long as you love one another, and there is a good spirit there. The things you want from life will all come in time, if you live right, and things are right inside you." It was almost as if she was inspired to say these things.

Ann cried softly into her apron.

Mrs. Bingham continued, "I know this is so. There were times when I felt I could never face the dawn of another day. I went gray overnight—" Her voice trailed, and for a moment there was a troubled look in her eyes. Then she smiled. "I put up such pitiful little struggles, until at last I learned the right way to fight. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' It says that in the Psalms. You can read it there and see."

Could this be? Mrs. Bingham so sweet and poised, and with all she had, could this confusion have come to her?

"I came over to invite you to go

to Relief Society with me today. There's going to be a splendid lesson. You'd really enjoy it, Ann."

"I'd like to, if I could get through my work in time."

Mrs. Bingham advised, "Your work will wait. You really owe it to your family to get away a little. It's a soothing agent. Your children can play in the nursery. I know you'll find it worthwhile."

"Maybe, I could come. I'll try," Ann promised.

When Mrs. Bingham had gone, Ann flew about to get more work done. It really went faster when she knew there was some place to go. As she cleaned up the tracks on the living room floor, she thought of Cathy. She looked out of the door. Cathy was sitting quietly on the lawn. It was so unlike her. She was such an active child.

Ann went to her. Cathy looked up suspiciously. There were traces of tears on her face. Ann took her in her arms and held her close. Cathy responded to the caress, and burrowed her face into her mother's neck. Ann's pleadings tumbled out. "I'm sorry I was cross. Mothers get tired and say things they don't mean. The mud doesn't matter. I'm glad you're my little girl, and I love you lots."

Cathy smiled and said, "I's glad, too."

"Would you like to go to a meeting with me?"

"Is it Sunday School, Mamma?"

"No, but get Rick, and we'll go."

Cathy ran down the street calling lustily.

Ann was feeling better already. She saw Mrs. Brown in her yard. Mrs. Brown was old and knew about everyone in town. Ann asked her, "Do you know much about Mrs. Bingham?"

"Seems like I've always known her. Why?"

"Just curiosity. She said she went gray overnight, and I wondered."

"I believe I do remember some trouble they had over one of their boys," Mrs. Brown replied. "He got to going around in a bad crowd and worried them a lot, and, finally, ran away from home. They didn't hear from him for months. It was a big blow to her, and she was ill for quite a while. But he turned out to be a pretty good fellow, anyway. I guess her bein' such a good woman had its effect."

By one-thirty Ann's work was done, except the cupboards. The children were cleaned up. Ann was combing her hair and would be ready soon.

"You're pretty, Ma," Rick said.

"Oh, blarney," Ann returned. It was an old familiar phrase she had used when Doug complimented her. She had not said it for a long time. "And don't call me Ma!"

"Okay, Ma," Rick teased, and ran from the house, challenging her to pursue him.

IT was a thrill to mingle at Relief Society meeting with busy mothers like herself, seeking companionship and enlightenment.

The lesson was about a diary of a pioneer life. Long afterwards she would remember passages from it that were impressed on her mind:

Yesterday I had to throw away my dowry. It was hard to do. With each piece, was a memory and a hope. But I saw that it must be. Our supply of food is more important, and the load was too

heavy for the team to pull. I watched the chest grow smaller in the distance as we moved away; then John said, "Some day I'll get things like those for you, and things lots nicer, too." . . .

It grows colder. Fall comes early this year. I pray that it will be good weather when my child is born, since it must be born in the wagon. . . .

Our little daughter is beautiful. I wondered if the pains would ever end. It is only through God's mercy that I live. John and the elders administered to me several times and I was spared and have my lovely baby . . .

There were no details of suffering, no hint of self-pity. How could women go through childbirth in a moving wagon and sing "All Is Well?" Ann pictured the hospital where Rick and Cathy had been born. There were doctors and nurses to attend you, comfortable beds, and women wore silk nighties. They gave you ether.

The little pioneer band was marooned in the snow. There were many deaths. Mary wrote:

Our little baby was taken from us in the cold. We had her for so short a time. We laid her away in a thin muslin gown, that another baby might use the clothes to keep warm and alive. I don't know how I will ever get over this.

The hardships continued in Utah. They fought plague, crop failure, Indians, and colonized the new land for hundreds of miles. Some turned against the Church and became its bitterest enemies.

Later in life, Mary wrote in her diary:

I gave up my family and a lovely home to marry John, because he was a Mormon. I left my first-born back in the snow. I know what it is to go hungry. More than once our all was taken from us. I never did have as nice a home or as fine linens as the ones I gave up. It would have been easy many times to fall away. But we learned to trust in God and let him provide for us, when we needed help. That is the only way we could have endured. We saw that the things we pioneered for were the most glorious heritage we could pass on to our children. I never did give up as much as I gained.

Ann returned home, knowing that all the things she was fighting for were normal desires, but far less important than she had seen them. She had not yet seen real trouble. Mostly, she had created her own. As Rick and Cathy played outside, she went into the house and knelt in prayer. "Dear God, I have wanted to find a way out of this confusion. Today I heard an answer from Mary, the little pioneer, and Mrs. Bingham. All that mix-up I was in, is evil. I can't work things out by myself, so please, God, you take care of us and thy will be done. Above all, give me peace of mind. Amen." She rose to her feet, laughing a little.

She went to the kitchen and kindled the fire to prepare dinner. In the cupboard she saw the greenback Doug had given her. She took the money, thoughtfully, and put on her coat again. She would do things Doug's way, and buy a new hat.

Purchasing a hat didn't take long. Ann already knew several she liked and that were becoming to her. She often tried on hats, while shopping around. There was some money left over. She would save that.

She walked down the street towards home, with the twisted feeling gone. The pinched look about her eyes relaxed. She felt better inside, and looked better outside. The mood which had imprisoned her for so long slipped from her like a heavy

cloak. Now, she knew she could steel herself to accept the problems of bills, sickness, and disappointment, with no panic, for she knew the real way to face life. She wondered where along the way she had lost track of these values.

Doug came home and entered the house cautiously, as if he had to judge his activity carefully. Ann realized he had been in the habit of doing that. She hummed as she set the dinner table.

Doug and the children played in the living room. "How come Mamma doesn't tell us to be quiet, and she even sings?" she heard Doug ask loud enough for her to hear.

"She's got a new hat," Rick informed him.

"So she loosened up and did something that wasn't sensible! I never did believe in the new hat theory, but maybe there's something to it."

Ann was not stung by his sarcasm. She knew she deserved it. The barrier between them would be broken.

It was the same shabby little house. Instead of noticing all its flaws, she saw it as a comfortable, cozy place to live. It was safe and warm, and had a brightness she had never seen before. It was the same spring day, but it was spring filled with promise, as she had loved it long ago.

Rhea Reeder Smith, 181 Gregson Avenue, Salt Lake City, was reared in Corrine, Utah, and attended Utah State Agricultural College. Mrs. Smith is a new writer, and her story "Cast Thy Burden" represents her first work to appear in *The Relief Society Magazine*. One of her stories has been published in the *Improvement Era*. She has this to say of herself and her family: "I have always loved to write, but my real masterpieces are my three children, David, eight, who loves to write stories and poetry; Julia Ann, four, very blond and very dimpled; and a cute little toddler, Ronnie. My husband, Clinton Smith, teaches at Bryant Junior High School, Salt Lake City."

WINTER GARDEN

Maude Blixt Trone

I, who grieved to see them go—
Pansy, rose, and golden-glow,
At summer's end, have here today,
My garden's radiant display
On paper hearts. Here bloom again
The lilac and the cyclamen;
Valentines now fill my room
With the summer's lost perfume.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Chapter I

SHIVERING in the thin daylight air, Captain Silas S. Smith put on his coat, buttoned it up to his bearded chin, and stepped over the left front wheel of his wagon to the frost-covered ground. With his feet propped, alternately, on the wagon tongue, he tied the buckskin laces of his shoes; then, straightening his long frame, he recovered his Stetson hat from beneath the wagon seat and took a first day's inventory of the camp.

The twelve circled wagons of the San Juan Mission Exploring Company were intact, bows solid, covers stretched tight and fastened to the wagon beds. He looked over the camp ground—a grassy bend on the west bank of the Sevier River, not far from the town of Panguitch—and counted, by twos and tens, the eighty horses hobbled or staked between the river and the circled wagons. He took note of the two guards, erect before their fire. He threw a rock to bestir the herd of thirty cows bedded within the circle. Then he gathered his breath and gave a long summoning cry that was as clear

Anna Prince Redd, is well known to our readers. Her serial "Tomorrow's Cup" was published during 1943 and 1944. She is the author of many poems, among them "No Beauty Is" which won first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest in 1938. In 1940, she was the winner of the narrative division of the annual poetry contest sponsored by the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs. The same year, she placed second in a story contest conducted by the *Utah Magazine*, with her contribution "The Devil's Eye." For four years, Mrs. Redd was editor of a daily column in the *Provo Herald*, which featured local writers. She also conducted the radio column *Utah Verse*, over KOVO, for one year. For two years, she was featured in a column in *Speech Magazine*, Chicago, called "Poetry For Speech Practice." She has taught classes in poetry and short story technique, and was one of the editors of the second volume of *Utah Sings*. Two of her serials "The Find-Out Boy" and "Twopenny Tim," published in *The Children's Friend*, are soon to appear in book form. Mrs. Redd is a member of the League of Utah Writers, The American Pen Women, The Sonneteers, and other literary organizations.

Born in Panguitch, Utah, she was educated at the Branch Agricultural College, at Brigham Young University, and the University of Utah. Her husband James M. Redd, formerly of Monticello, Utah, has been of great assistance to Anna in her literary work, particularly in her research on the San Juan country. The Redds are the parents of four children, two sons and two daughters. Their son James filled a mission in Texas, and for two years was attached to the Allied Military Government overseas.

In addition to her literary work, her teaching, and many other activities, Mrs. Redd has for years been a literature class leader in Relief Society, and a teacher in Sunday School and the Mutual Improvement Association.

and cold as the morning itself. It rose, fell, then leveled off, breaking into a thousand splinters that hit the hills to the east, ricocheted to the west, and then to the north, dying of their own rivalry.

The company of twenty-four young men and two families awoke, shook itself, and yawned, then began shouting jovially.

"Mrs. Harriman!" Parley Butt called, slapping the canvas of the wagon next to his. "If you'll hand down those tenderfoot pioneers of yours, we'll toughen 'em up a bit. Bayles, here, has the ice all cracked from the top of the water buckets, just right for a morning face wash."

Elizabeth Harriman threw back the flaps of her wagon and beamed at the young scouts. She was as starched and clean as though she had just left her own bedroom. Her brown hair was knotted in a soft coil at the nape of her neck; her eyes sparkled in the early light.

"Yours, and welcome!" she laughed, shoving her two protesting boys into their upstretched arms. "I hope you survive the encounter!"

"Bayles and Butt, Boy Washers, incorporated," Hans Bayles wheezed, collecting the flailing arms and legs of his particular charge. "Hey, Bub," he admonished, "you're not a cub bear climbing a tree!"

"Our fee," Parley chuckled, equally involved, "is a stack of those Dutch-oven biscuits of yours, Sister Harriman."

"There you are, young fella," Hans said, dumping his boy on the wagon tongue. "Now, sit still and nice till we get the rest of our clients done."

From the next wagon, Mary Davis, who was the only other woman in the camp, looked on with laughter on her golden face.

"We'll be at your wagon in exactly three minutes, Sister Davis," Parley said, and deposited his charge next to the boy Hans had set on the wagon tongue. "Breakfast smells like it's nearly ready, boys. You be good, and we'll let you ride to the table on our shoulders!" he promised them.

There was a duet of agreement from the delighted boys. "Um-m-m. Smells good," they said, and sat obediently still, waiting for the promised ride.

Having missed none of its good-natured activity, Captain Silas S. Smith, the president of the company, directed and approved, as each man went to his assigned work. Then he called the company to order. The chorister led in the singing of a hymn, and the chaplain offered the morning prayer, concluding with a blessing on the food.

Seated in groups around small, warming fires, fussed over by the two motherly young women, the men had their meal, then were out after their teams, harnessing them and hitching them to the wagons, reloading supplies and bedding. The Davis and Harriman families were to stay in San Juan; their wagons groaned with their belongings. The other members of the company were to stay in the newly located area only long enough to help the two families get settled, and were then to return to Southern Utah to help bring on the main company, which was to follow. Their wagons were loaded with tools, blasting materials, implements, and grain for planting.

LIKE others of the company, James L. Davis and Harrison H. Harriman drove four-horse outfits. Their wives drove the only single teams.

Each of the twenty-six men of the company had his special brand of loyalty, curiosity, and love of adventure. Not one but had been tested in other missions. Young as they were, averaging in age but twenty-three years, they were still seasoned explorers and trail blazers. But, always before, they had known where they were going and, in general, what advantages or difficulties to expect. Now, their mission was to "hunt up" the place first, and explore it afterward. Taking the call of their Church literally, through the word of President John Taylor, they were to scout a route and build a road into San Juan County, an almost unknown wilderness of sand and stone, and there, to gain the confidence of the Ute and Navajo Indians, and cultivate their friendship, winning them to ways of peace and the gospel, as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The call was pointed and brief: They were to explore and settle the almost uninhabitable region along the San Juan River in Southeastern Utah. They were to note the climate, the vegetation, the water sources, and the depth and quality of the soil. They were to plant crops and leave them to be harvested by a larger company that should follow them to San Juan in the fall. Second only to their own subsistence, was the task of making peace with the Indians, who for years had made war upon the Southern Utah settlers, pillaging and plundering at will.

Through their own, and the Catholic missionaries, they had gleaned the little information they had about the place and, from jubilant or dubious speculation, it had come to be considered the most mysterious, the most fantastic country imaginable. A few wandering trappers had reported it to be weirdly beautiful, rich in gold and silver, furs and fish. Sketchy and inaccurate as these accounts were, they were sufficient to fire the blood and the imagination of men who lived by their courage; men who placed a call from their Church above their own fortunes or their lives.

Now, with a zest as keen as that of the April air, on the third day of their adventurous journey, in the year 1879, they re-loaded their cumbersome wagons, rounded up their teams and stock, and took to the road again, singing and jesting as they went.

But the two women, used as they were to pioneering, strangers to each other until now, had no delusions as to the dangers and difficulties of the mission, and they had talked of little else in the three days of slow travel since they had left their homes in Parowan. Now, as their light wagons creaked along behind the heavily loaded ones of their husbands, they had time to think of the things they were leaving behind; of the friends and relatives they would probably never see again; of the comforts they had been able to achieve in the few years since they had been settled in Southern Utah. Against this unfriendly country, to which they were going, they weighed the joys of the things they were leaving behind. Where there had been friendly pioneer roads from town to town, and neighbors who shared with each oth-

er the good things of their pantries and the labors of their hands, there would be no roads at all, and no friends, and no neighbors.

Few men knew what lay behind the stone and sand of San Juan. They only knew that it was cut off from Utah by the yawning Colorado River, that the Utes and Navajos held undisputed claim to it, and that outlaws, eluding pursuit, had only to lose themselves in the vastness of its walled canyons to be beyond the law, one with the savage in his stronghold.

YET these twenty-six men and two lonely women were to find their way into it, and go where white men, in numbers, had never gone before, and there, in a country unique unto itself and different from any other section of the United States or the world, were to make new homes — where even the staunchest trails ran out.

They knew that there were but few friendly towns along the way— small colonies of Mormon pioneers, who, like themselves, were fulfilling missions and making settlements on the frontiers. And, after that, the trail led deeper and deeper into Indian territory, where the warring Utes and Navajos jealously guarded their sheep and goats, in a country all their own, and as impenetrable as the workings of their hostile minds. Some missionaries, the pioneers knew, had gone into it, and had not lived to return.

But, surely, the women told each other, as they cooked the meals and tended their children, no country could be as bad as San Juan was painted. Most of the tales were just bloodcurdling yarns, designed to stop the advance of peaceful white men into its desirable, wholly beautiful, and mysterious acres.

By this sort of reasoning, they were, at times, as carefree and as adventurous as the young scouts who treated them with such deference and respect. After all, they told each other, it was a great honor to be the only two women in such a company! And, already, they were a little breathless at the grandeur of scenery that was unfolding before them. If San Juan were better than this, it would not be bad at all. The canyon that led from the town of Panguitch to the top of an irregular divide was one of continuous surprise. The soil was a beautiful rust-red, and, out of it, grew tall pointed evergreens that clung in terraces to the very top of the ledges that formed the canyon walls. From the red of the canyon floor and lower sides, the soil gradually faded to deep lavender and on into blue, then to white, as the canyon gained altitude. At the top of the divide, the road broadened and wound in and out through the pines, fragrant with resin, and soft with needles and fallen cones.

Suddenly, the company halted abruptly. The rear outfits, wondering at the unaccountable silence at the head of the line, made a quick movement toward the front. Cattle, no longer prodded, sank gratefully into the shade. For one breath-held moment, there was no sound, even in nature. Then, as awed whispers joined the sighing of the pines, far below them, and barely ten feet beyond, lay a giant vermillion bowl, cupped to hold a thousand slender spires that rose like smoke wraiths from their purple base, thinning to

slender stems, paling to lavender, changing to alabaster in the sun. A spectacle that blurred before their unbelieving eyes. A thousand Pisas, ready to fall, fading, reforming from the mist, clear, then indistinct, glowing to steadiness, and becoming real, the great bowl challenged their credulity. In rapt wonder, they stood upon its brink. Detail led to detail: a goblet of Venus, a flag on a steeple, a chariot, a flotilla of ships, a temple, a cowled monk, a gray-cloaked nun—Bryce Canyon in all its glory!

"*And the morning and the evening were the first day,*" Kumen Jones quoted reverently, and, like the rest, stood with uncovered head.

The camp was unusually silent that night. They were too close to the majesty of the Creator for lighthearted banter and songs. They sang a quiet hymn, offered up their silent prayers, and went to bed.

In the morning, they turned south to Johnson settlement and on, to cross the Buckskin Mountains at Ylouse Rock Springs.

George Hobbs, the alert, easy-riding, loud-singing official scout of the company, and a brother of Elizabeth Harriman, led the way. Disdaining the popular beard of the day, he looked younger than the rest of the men in the company, younger than his own twenty-five years. "I'll take on the responsibility of a beard when I do a wife," he had told the girls in his home town of Cedar City. "The minute you see stubble on my chin you'll know I'm in love."

Photograph by Glen Perrins

BRYCE CANYON, UTAH

RIDING hard ahead now, he sang his loudest, for he had smelled water. He pulled up his horse, turned him on two legs and dashed up a ravine. He sized up the terrain to see if wagons could make the climb, then, satisfied that they could, he followed the trickle until it became a clear stream that finally headed in a small spring.

This would do. A bit of digging and they could slake their thirst, rest a few hours, and then move on to a regular stop after it got cool. The temperature had risen steadily since they had left Kanab Creek, and teams and stock were feeling the change.

This hunting up of new country stimulated him immensely Though they had been settled in Southern Utah only a few years, he was already beginning to feel restless. Others might chafe at the call of the Church to this strange, wild mission, but he liked the thought of the dangers and responsibilities ahead. It was time the Indians were stopped in their tracks. Their depredations were ruinous. To beard them in their own strongholds was the thing. Through peaceful ways, of course, but *beard* them just the same.

Beard. What a lot of possibilities that word conjured up. As he rubbed his lean fingers over his smooth cheeks, he smiled at the remembrance of what he'd told the girls back home. His hard muscles relaxed, and he sat dreaming. That new Welsh girl . . . . Again his hand sought his beardless chin. If only she could speak English—or he could speak Welsh!

Pivoting his horse again, he swung back down the trail to the road, where he waited for the wagons to come up.

After a few hours of rest at the spring, the company pushed on into the desert, toward Moan Copei, Arizona, a Moqui Indian village that harbored a few white people. Mile after mile they plowed ahead, making good progress, for it was cooler, and the rest and the water had refreshed the stock and teams. But Hobbs, riding ahead of the line, was unusually silent. There was a harsh dryness in the air that was not compatible with the night or the season. He knew there were but few natural stops—places where there was forage and water—and these were far apart. They would have to push the stock to the limit of endurance while there was enough coolness to allay thirst.

A drowsy silence took the place of laughter and song. The two women had put their children to bed in their wagons. This was their first experience at night driving and they were enjoying it. The noises of the day were distracting, but, here, in the desert night, even the dust seemed less active. The wagons caught mesquite and chaparral. Dry leaves, loosened by new fronds and buds, swished to the warm sand. Desert moths, drawn by the white covers of the wagons, beat against the waxed canvas. And, above their muted thuds, came the sawing of the crickets, suspended at the approach of the wagon train, and resumed at its passing. The sweet smell of night lilies drugged the air. Tall cactus shadows grouped and regrouped in lonely converse.

Elizabeth Harriman looked searchingly in all directions. Back of the beauty of the night and her enjoyment of it, was the perpetually

Courtesy, Keystone Photo Service

JOSHUA TREE ON THE DESERT, NORTHERN ARIZONA

cautious fear that the frontier had engendered. What a vast unknown lay ahead! She and Mary Davis were taking their little children and going farther and farther into its bewildering dimensions. It seemed to her that the night's very beauty was a menace, a drug to lure one's senses into forgetfulness of danger. Quiet and vast and dry, the desert seemed to tolerate their intrusion, but never to welcome it. There was no hurry, it seemed to say. It could wait, its thorns concealed, as claws are couched in a furred paw. It *would* wait. Two women and a handful of men were not important in its existence. Two women and their little children . . . twenty-six men and their presumptuous courage. These were as nothing in its unwalled domain. It could rise now and strike, or lie quiescent until the company, lost in its sand and heat, perished.

Suddenly, Elizabeth sat bolt upright, fear overmastering all other feeling. She had heard no unusual sound of man or beast or desert, yet she knew that strange eyes were measuring her, weighing her courage. She was not asleep, and this was no bad dream. She did not need to turn her head to know that a strange horse and rider were close to her front wheel, waiting for her to move or speak or scream—whatever women do when they can look straight ahead and can breathe quietly no longer. The beat of moths against her wagon cover was as measured and aimless as before; harnesses creaked with the same homely assurance; nothing had changed except the beat of her heart, measuring the beat of the alien hoofs beside her. And the desert waited.

(To be continued)

WEALTH OF FAITH

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

So short a span we've come from poverty!
A poverty which had no way to turn,
Except to patience, faith, and being free
To fight the desert's old, persistent burn.
Not long ago, men shared a dwindling store;
As neighbors, starved and struggled side by side;
Created pleasures, lessening what they bore;
And Eden bloomed again before they died.
They lived with life too earnestly to fret;
They were too near their God to feel afraid,
Too grateful for their freedom to regret
The price in work and suffering they paid;
They lived, and faith enriched the fields they trod,
Faith in themselves, the constant earth, and God.

The Tin-Can Doll

Kathelen M. Bennett

WE always took a trip on the first of May. Why, I never knew. My parents were neither English, with a May-Day background, nor Spanish, with the Cinco de Mayo tradition.

This particular excursion was the most eventful of all I remember, for it had so many exciting and strange happenings in it. We arose before the dawn, that mystical time when there is a sort of dark fragrance in the air. We hitched the horse to the wagon by lantern light, and piled quilts for us children to snuggle into, for the morning air was quite cool. We put a box of food under the seat, and started for the Dragoon Mountains, twelve miles away.

Everything looked strange and unreal, as the light quickened. We amused ourselves by pretending that the crested yuccas were Indian braves, crouching beside the trail, waiting to leap upon our wagon train and destroy us. The cooing of the mourning doves added to the effect, so that we were glad when the rising sun dispelled our pictured dangers. The air was warm and bright when we stopped for breakfast in a gulch about halfway to our destination. This was pure delight to us, for we had bacon and ham, broiled over mesquite coals, spiced with a few ashes and our ravenous appetites. We had just finished eating, when a noise in some near-by bushes brought visions of fierce wild animals, a coyote or, perhaps, one of our Indians. On closer inspection, we found that our naughty little dog had followed us, hidden from sight. He was too tired to send back, so my father, very reluctantly, allowed us to take him into the wagon, where we put him under the quilts and warmed our feet on him.

We reached our destination, the Horse Ranch country, about noon. We had a lovely time for a while, playing exploring. Then the weather suddenly changed. A high, cold wind, loaded with fine particles of sand, blew up. We took shelter in an old adobe ruin, roofless, windowless, and doorless, but with sturdy walls. We children began to make a playhouse in the lee of the wall.

The little dog dug a cave in the soft adobe. Suddenly, he came upon a cache, and we could see something inside. We reached in and found a doll. But *such* a doll! Her head was a small tin can, her body, a large one. Her neck was a bolt; her arms were bolts, with nuts for hands; her legs were the same. The only thing we knew about the house was that a family with the unusual name of Smith had lived there during Indian times, and that they had had a child. The Apaches had proven too much for them, and they had departed. No one knew where they had gone, or what had become of them.

We were enchanted with our find, and spent the afternoon playing and imagining all sorts of thrilling events around the life of our little tin friend.

Finally, it was time to go, so we

took our priceless treasure tenderly to our mother to take home in style. Suddenly, we stopped. My sister and I looked at each other. Would our little lady be happy with us? Would the pretty dolls at home accept her? She had slept so long with little furry wild things for company! Her tiny cave was warm and comfortable. The young mistress of long ago had left her there. Perhaps she was waiting for her to return. Sadly and slowly, we put her back. We made a soft bed of grass and put a stone in front of her cave for protection from wind and rain. We brushed away our tears and slipped away. We never went back, so she must be there yet, in the shadow of Cochise's rocks, waiting.

THE SKIER

Margery S. Stewart

He who is done with flying
Knows a place
Where he can touch the sky,
So long a stranger;
Where clouds will hold him
In their light embrace,
And mountains welcome him to
Awe and danger.
His poles, the stick,
His slender skis, the rudder,
He wheels into the heaven,
Rides on wind.
His heart soars, feeling the
Familiar shudder
Of cratered sky, hearing the thinned
Singing of trees. He is content,
Cleaving again the starry firmament.

Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large.—George Washington.

(Prayer after Washington's Inauguration as President of the United States, from the copy in his pew, St. Paul's Chapel, New York City)

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

ON THE RIVER PLATTE—II

President Amy Brown Lyman

(This is the sixth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration. Ed.)

THE following incident in the life of Alma Platte Spillsbury is related by his daughter, Ruby Spillsbury Brown of El Paso, Texas.

It was early in August of 1850. The weather was very hot and dry. The saints were traveling west from the Missouri River along the plains of Nebraska, and they had become short of water for both man and beast. They were being urged by the captain of the company to travel as fast as possible to get to the Platte River, and had stopped the caravan scarcely long enough for Fanny Smith Spillsbury to give birth to a child. A blanket stretched over the bows of the wagon shielded the mother and baby from the intense heat of the August sun, while the father walked along beside the wagon, prodding the lean, gaunt, thirsty oxen. Suddenly, the oxen raised their heads and began to sniff the air. They were nearing the Platte River and could smell the water. They quickened their steps. They needed no prodding now. Suddenly, they left the road and took a short cut to the river at quite a reckless speed. The young father tried desperately to get them back on the road, but did not succeed, and he was scarcely able to keep up with the wagon with its precious cargo. Other men in the caravan, seeing his predicament, rushed to help him, but it was useless. The thirst-crazed animals smelled the water and sped on till they reached the river, then dashed over the bank, which was not very high nor very steep. The oxen went down sideways, and the wagon was overturned in the water. The running men soon reached the spot and fairly snatched the mother out of the muddy stream. "Oh, where is my baby?" she cried. "Right here," finally answered Bishop Edward Hunter, fishing the little bundle out of the water where it had been thrown when the wagon overturned. "But I am afraid there is not much life left in him," he added.

"We must bless and name him at once," said the father, and, calling the men around him, they took the child in their arms to give it a name before it breathed its last. "What shall we name him, Fanny?" tenderly asked the father. "Alma, for the Book of Mormon prophet, and Platte for this great river from which we have been rescued," she answered. By the time the prayer was finished, the baby was crying lustily, and they all knelt in prayer to thank their Heavenly Father that the life of this little child had been saved so miraculously.

* * * * *

MRS. Margaret Judd Clawson, wife of Bishop Hyrum B. Clawson and mother of the late President

Rudger Clawson, used to entertain and amuse her friends by telling of her experiences on the plains. She was a character actress in the old Salt Lake Theater, and, therefore, her descriptions were graphic and her imitations dramatic.

She was just eighteen when her family left Council Bluffs, in 1849, for the long trek. She was young, beautiful, and healthy, and was so optimistic that, although her company experienced encounters with the Indians, severe thunderstorms, and two stampedes, she always looked on the bright side, yes, the humorous side of life.

The Judd outfit for the journey consisted of two oxen, six cows, and a wagon. The oxen were well broken in before they started, but the cows seemed to resent the idea of taking turns with the oxen in pulling the load and, in the beginning it took the whole family to put the yokes on the cows and get them started ahead. They seemed determined to go in the wrong direction. One of the cows, old Bossy, a favorite, was very intelligent and coy. She used to hide in the willows to keep from being yoked up. However, when once yoked, she was a good and faithful worker. She was also a good milker, contributing a generous amount daily for the family use.

The days on the plains, according to Mrs. Clawson, were somewhat monotonous unless it happened that the scenery was unusual, or there were wild flowers and fruits to gather—fruits such as chokecherries, serviceberries, or wild strawberries. But the evenings were different and most interesting. At that time there was real activity—work and recreation—for everybody. It was then that they bathed and washed their clothes in the river and scoured their buckets and tins and the utensils in which they cooked. And, while the women prepared the evening meal, the men cared for the cattle.

Mrs. Clawson had two youthful romances in connection with the journey. The night before she left Illinois, she parted with her girlhood sweetheart (whom she called at the time her "own true lover") with the understanding that the moment he was of age, he would follow her "even to the ends of the earth." She saw him next forty years later, when he had a wife and three children, and she a husband and thirteen children.

There were several very nice young men in the company, which made it interesting for the girls. Among them was one who became infatuated with young Margaret, telling her she was the only woman he had ever loved, and that he was sure they were exactly suited to each other. So, after he had proposed marriage over and over again, she finally consented to an engagement. The course of their love ran smoothly until they arrived in the Valley, where they had a lovers' quarrel with no making up. On the rebound, he rushed off and married another girl of the same company. "Such is the constancy of men!" Mrs. Clawson would humorously exclaim. She later found that this was a blessing in disguise, for in time she married the late Bishop Hyrum B. Clawson, business associate of President Brigham Young, and for many years superintendent of Z.C.M.I.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

DON'T WAIT

Don't wait until I'm gone, dearest,
Before you tribute pay,
Till the spirit has departed,
And left but lifeless clay;
Do not wait till all is over,
And then, with mournful lay,
In a voice of trembling sorrow,
Regret the long delay.

—L. M. Hewlings

A HUMBLE TESTIMONY: It seems that the time has fully come when the daughters of Zion are called upon to raise their voices and declare unto the nation and the world the testimonies which God has given them of His work in these last days . . . . Sisters, above all things, trust in God; have faith, and cultivate and exercise patience . . . .

—Phena

VARIOUS QUALIFICATIONS: My forte was needlework, to which I was fairly drilled, my first lesson beginning when I was so small (four years of age) that ma used to seat me on the table edge so that my work might be nearer her own eyes . . . . My very fond and indulgent father provided me with a gold thimble, made by a Spanish jeweler, from a nugget he himself had taken from the mines . . . . Afterward came long lessons from a lady teacher or governess . . . . I look around upon my almost idle young friends . . . . and think of their lack of knowledge in cutting out and making clothing and contemplate how prominent a figure the hired seamstress will be in the future family circles of these dear girls . . . .

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

FROM MANCOS, COLORADO: There are some few that are investigating our principles, and we hope they will see the truth . . . . The various organizations are in good working order. The Relief Society is doing well, considering its numbers . . . . The weather has been unusually fine this winter, scarcely enough snow to cover the ground. This is a remarkably healthful place . . . . We should ever be on our guard, prepared to defend our religion . . . . The young can no longer depend on their parents' testimony, but must obtain one for themselves.

—Moselle Hall

ZINA D. H. YOUNG: On Monday, January 31, a party of ladies assembled by invitation, at the residence of Mrs. Maria Y. Dougall, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Zina D. H. Young. There were present some of the veteran women of the Church, among the number, Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith, Catherine Horrocks, Sarah M. Kimball, M. Isabella Horne, Susan S. Young, and others . . . . The party was a very pleasant one, and Sister Zina, whose name is a household word throughout Zion, must have realized that her friends were genuine in their appreciation.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS SALLY LUCAS JEAN, who has been a consultant on poliomyelitis in sixty countries, visited Salt Lake City in November, and, at a Soroptomists' dinner, publicly congratulated Mrs. Emily S. Stewart, daughter of President George Albert Smith, on her work as state director of women's activities for the National Foundation for Poliomyelitis. Utah, with a chairman in every county, stands at the top of the nation in organization, and in relief for sufferers, it was disclosed later, in a New York conference, attended by Mrs. Stewart, where the national president, Basil O'Connor, and Cornelia Otis Skinner were speakers. Mrs. Stewart accompanied Miss Jean to a polio conference in Arizona, and on her way home, lovely Mary Pickford, a coworker in the fight against poliomyelitis, entertained for Mrs. Stewart at Pickfair, where, the hostess said, Mrs. Stewart won all hearts.

FOR the first time in history, a group to effect the advancement of women has met under the sponsorship of men *and* women, instead of women only. It is the Commission on the Status of Women, an outgrowth of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. The goal of this organization is to provide for women a status equal to that of men in all fields of human enterprise—in political, social, and economic freedom; and in full personality development. Among others, women from China, Poland, India, South America, and Lebanon participated.

MEETINGS of great import to women occurred in New York in late October, 1946. Mrs. Sterling Ercanbrack, Provo, President of the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, and dean of all state presidents and a member of the executive committee in the general federation, was, on account of these positions, admitted into many exclusive sessions. She took part in a conference of the board of directors of the National Federation, whose watchword this year is "Conservation of Youth." She attended the brilliant International Assembly of Women, the delegates to which are chosen by their governments for outstanding ability and service to their countries. Fifty-three countries were represented by 137 delegates. The German and Japanese delegates addressed the group. All participants on the program spoke in English. The theme of the meetings was "The World We Live In and the World We Hope For." Mrs. Ercanbrack also attended sessions of the United Nations Conference and the challenging New York Herald-Tribune World Forum.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 FEBRUARY 1947 NO. 2

Faithful to the Pioneer Heritage

OFTTIMES during the Centennial year of 1947, Latter-day Saints will recall the experiences of the pioneers, and wonder if they—descendants by lineage or tradition—are measuring up to the achievements and self-sacrifice of their pioneer ancestry.

To the pioneers came the decision to forsake worldly possessions, acquired by arduous toil and struggle, at the behest of their Prophet. Treasures brought to Nauvoo from faraway homes were abandoned, along with the homes that held them. The saints were not permitted, as were the Children of Israel, to carry off jewels of silver and of gold and raiment from those from whom they fled. The Latter-day Saints carefully packed into their wagon boxes only the dire necessities—treasures only in that they would be of most value in sustaining life on the hazardous journey across the frozen stretches of the Mississippi river, and on into an unknown land. Neither were the saints expecting to be fed by manna, nor to be led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. No visible signs encouraged them—none was needed. They relied, by faith, on the will of the Lord as spoken by his Prophet.

In this day, Latter-day Saints live in neighborly accord with all men. Passed are the persecutions, and the call to forsake worldly possessions wrested from the sagebrush wastes. Nevertheless, difficult trials, temptations, and testing experiences await each generation. The Lord has said that this life is a state of probation and that men are free to choose liberty and eternal life, or to choose captivity and death. So, today, also, he would have a tried people. To some women of the Church, it would seem that it would be easier for them to live the gospel by forsaking all worldly possessions and to set out in the company of others who likewise had no possessions, than it is for them to live modestly and prudently, sacrificing for the upbuilding of the Church, among neighbors in more affluent circumstances. The joy which would be experienced by a faithful and devoted saint, seems to fade away before the image of a beautiful car, costly apparel, jewels, or a luxurious home. However, from the records being written, it appears that tens of thousands of faithful Church women prize the gospel as their most priceless possession, and have joy in serving the Master and living his commandments. They choose liberty, not being enslaved by worldly desires. They sacrifice their personal wishes for the Church and kingdom of God, faithful to the heritage of their pioneer ancestors, and seeking earnestly to attain eternal life.

M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the Evening Service of Fast Sunday, March 2, 1947

THE evening service of Fast Sunday, March 2, 1947, has been assigned to Relief Society. The General Board is scheduling a special Centennial program for presentation by all of the local Societies on that date.

The program entitled "A Story in Granite and Bronze," by Sister Priscilla L. Evans of the Relief Society General Board, was inspired by the "This Is The Place" monument, to be dedicated July 24, 1947. The events symbolized by the groups of bronze figures on the monument will be presented by narrative and dramatic readers. Musical numbers by both the Singing Mothers and the congregation form an integral part of the program.

In order that the message of the program may be more deeply appreciated, five large posters (size 22x34 inches) will accompany the printed narrative. The posters are of light-weight paper which will make it necessary to fasten them to a wall, mount them on cardboard, or otherwise arrange them so that the congregation may readily view them as the program proceeds. A nominal charge of $1.00 (postpaid) will be made for each set of five posters.

Letters containing detailed information about the above program were mailed to Relief Society stake presidents November 27, 1946. Ward presidents are urged to give publicity to the program to ensure a large attendance.

Congratulations to President Amy Brown Lyman on Her Birthday—February 7th

RELIEF Society women everywhere are happy to remember at this time the birthday of Sister Amy Brown Lyman, who served for many years as a Board member, as an executive officer, and as president of the Society. Sister Lyman's work among women, particularly in the fields of social service and educational and cultural development, has been of great service to the Church. Her lessons on visiting teaching, and her interesting pioneer stories, currently featured in *The Relief Society Magazine*, are sources of inspiration that help Latter-day Saint women to realize the vital strength of their heritage and the importance of their responsibilities.

Happy birthday to you, Sister Lyman, and our gratitude for the example of effort and accomplishment that you have given us. May your continued service to women bring you much joy and satisfaction.

February Table Decorations

Elizabeth Williamson

PERHAPS you are now enjoying narcissi, tulips, hyacinths, and other bulbs you had the foresight to plant early last fall. But, if you are like most of us, who procrastinate, you are looking about for material with which to make table decorations and flower arrangements. This is the time of year when there are few cut flowers, so it is necessary to look for substitutes. Here are a few, which fall into three classes:

Dried Materials

Branches, pods, leaves, grasses, gourds, dried flowers.

These can be arranged attractively with figurines, or available fresh flowers.

Fruits and Vegetables

Pineapples, apples, pears, lemons, red peppers, eggplants, squash, cucumbers, artichokes.

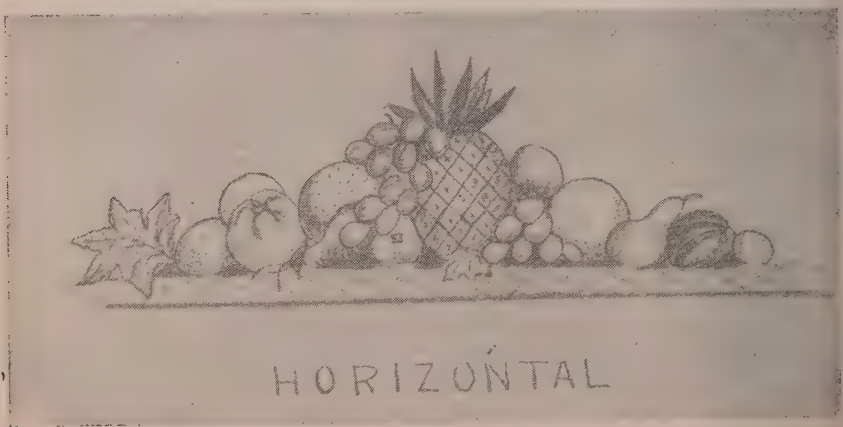
These look well in wooden bowls or on copper trays.

Cacti and Succulents

These can be arranged into charming groups, as miniature gardens, with fragments of rocks, driftwood, shells, or figures.

Flower arrangement is one of the oldest arts. The Oriental flower arrangements are symbolic, ceremonial, and religious. Although they are beautiful in composition and color, it is not necessary nor relevant for us to make a study of them to achieve a successful or harmonious flower arrangement. If we follow a few basic rules, it is easy to make a pleasing and attractive arrangement.

Colors in nature are harmonious. However, you may use a warm color group for cold days, combining reds, yellows, oranges, and browns, and a cool color group for warm days, using blue, purple, lavender, white and green. Color can do much to make a room cheerful, depressing, formal, or informal.



Curving lines possess more beauty than straight lines. A vertical or horizontal line is more attractive if it is broken. Radiating lines in composition may be based on a triangle turned in different positions.

Keep the size of your arrangements suitable to the surroundings. If your house is large, the flower groups may be sophisticated and formal. If your house is small, simplify your arrangements, and make them informal.

It is impossible to rival nature, so do not use too many flowers in one arrangement. Remember, whether large or small, to keep your decorative designs simple.

TOLD AT SUNSET

Grace Zenor Pratt

If I might bring to skies that now are gray
The sunset glow that charmed me late today,
Put back the glowing crimson, saffron, blue and gold—
Recapture that lost beauty, and could hold
The spell of those last moments and the thrill
When sunset kisses the last purple hill
With glory; touches green valleys with its magic light. . .
Then might I be content to endure one brief night.

If I might hear again the cadence of your voice,
Waking my soul to live and to rejoice;
If I might lay my folded hands in silent prayer
Upon your head and let them linger there,
And see again the light love brought into your eyes—
Those visions fair which meant our paradise;
Then might I wait in patience, without tears,
However long might be the empty years.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946.

GENERAL ACTIVITIES AND SPECIAL PROGRAMS

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION

Sister Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society, reports the following successful activities from her mission:

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, LOS ANGELES BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED TO ASSIST THE PRIESTHOOD IN MAKING PLANS FOR REMODELING THE CHAPEL

Officers: Sister Luisa Muro, President, standing in the center, second row, wearing a flowered dress and white collar; Juanita Escobedo, First Counselor, standing to the right of Sister Muro; Dora Smith, Secretary, standing in the back row between Sister Escobedo and Sister Ivie H. Jones, President of Spanish-American Mission Relief Society.

Thirty-one of the fifty Relief Society members of the Los Angeles Branch are shown in the photograph. The second counselor, Beatriz Pena, was not present when this photograph was taken.

SPANISH AMERICAN MISSION, CORPUS CHRISTI (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAYING THEIR STRING QUILT

Left to right: Josefa Ruiz, Secretary; Francisca Hernandez; Angelita Saldana; Beatriz Martinez, President; Maria Gutierrez, missionary; Encarnacion Rangel; Flora Rodriguez, Second Counselor; Victoria Ruiz, First Counselor; Maria Ruiz; Mrs. Frank Middleton, formerly from Argentina; Nellie Martinez Rodriguez, District Relief Society President; Concepcion Cortez.

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, MERCEDES (TEXAS), RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: San Juanita Garza; Natividad Flores; Augustina Gonzales; Estefana Trevino; Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society; Kathleen Zundel; Herculano Gonzales (in background); Domitila Trevino; Mary Ellen O'Brien; Rosa G. Gonzales.

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION
LADY MISSIONARIES LEARNING TO CROCHET AND KNIT
SAMPLE ARTICLES TO BE TAKEN INTO THE FIELD

In circle, left to right: Lucille Beck, Tooele, Utah; Marjorie Jensen, Sandy, Utah; Ernestina Monroy, Mexico City, Mexico; Frances Neal, Salt Lake City, Utah; Sister Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society; Mary O'Brien, Salt Lake City, Utah; Ellen Weir, Salt Lake City, Utah; Betty Jean Crandall, Ogden, Utah.

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, TYPICAL EVENING IN THE MISSION HOME

Young women making yarn dogs, left to right: Raquel M. Soto; Marjorie Jensen; Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society; Carlos Jones of Colonia Dublan, Mexico, in background; Beatriz Gutierrez; Irene Jesperson, in background; Doris Noble; Mario Marshall; Ernestina Monroy; Kathleen Zundel, in background; Virginia Gower; Rosa Mae McClellan, at machine.

WOODRUFF STAKE (LINCOLN AND UINTAH COUNTIES, WYOMING, AND RICH COUNTY, UTAH)
SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE JULY 14, 1946

All seven wards of the Woodruff Stake participated in furnishing the music for the quarterly conference, July 14, 1946 at Randolph, Utah. Miss Nellie Davis, chorister of the Evanston Second Ward directed the chorus. She is seated in the front row, with a songbook in her hand. President Esther L. Warburton of Woodruff Stake Relief Society is seated in the front row at the extreme left.

SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH), SMITHFIELD FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS

Front row, left to right: Lettie Dowdle; Mary A. Deppe; Lucile N. Erickson, President, Smithfield First Ward Relief Society; Elvina J. Ranzenberger, stake visiting teachers leader; Mary Griffiths, ward visiting teachers leader; Anne M. Farr, President, Smithfield Stake Relief Society; Selma Monson; Mary L. Merrill; Matilda Coleman.

Second row, left to right: Zelda McCombs; Wilma Nelson; Mabel Moore; Leone Watts; Jane Rich; Rachel Woolford; Rose Moffat; Myrtle Pitcher; Jessie Reese; Florence Gyllenskog; Veda Nelson, first counselor, Smithfield First Ward Relief Society; Reta Spackman, second counselor.

Third row, left to right: Myrtle Fuller; Emma Coates; Tempie Meikle; Bernice Coleman; Carrie Potts; Arley Coleman; Venna Johnson; Mary Williamson; Winona Ellett.

EASTERN STATES MISSION, PITTSBURGH BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED FOR MOTHER'S DAY, 1946

Each woman received a small potted begonia as a Mother's Day gift.

Front row, seated, left to right: Elsie Geer; Cora Wimer; Helen Hatch; Elisa Bohler; Annie Rhinehart; Minnie Moran; Marie Bigler; Margaret Jones; Rhoda Link; Maureen Johanason; Alice Carothers; Ruby Boyes.

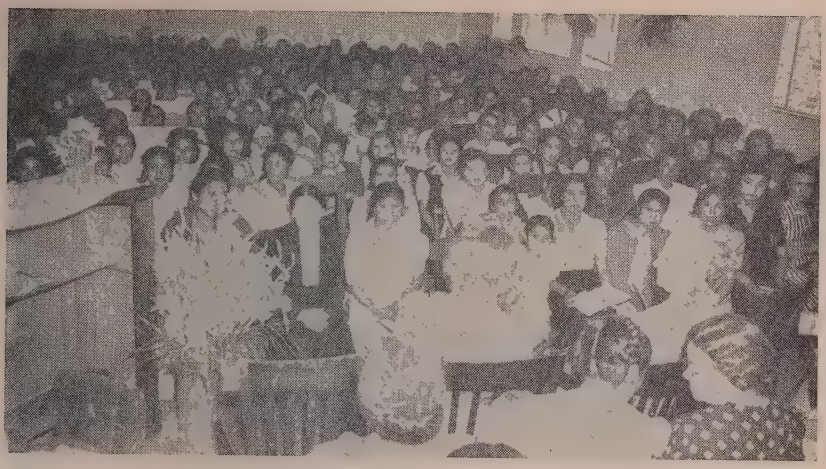
Back row, standing, left to right: Gwen Wrathall, Secretary; Virginia Birtcher, Second Counselor; Florence P. Simmons, President; Dorothy Link; Viola Call; Bertha Greeves; Betty J. Chaffo; Jere Scott.

Sister Alberta O. Doxey, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, reports that the Pittsburgh Branch is one of the largest and most successfully conducted branches in the mission. Many of the members live a long distance from the church, and yet the attendance is excellent. An outstanding event is the annual Christmas bazaar in which the neighboring Societies are invited to participate. The women from the outlying districts travel thirty to forty miles to take part in the work of the bazaar. These visiting branches are Renfrew, Wilson, and Washington, Pennsylvania.

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), POWELL BRANCH VISITING TEACHERS' ACTIVITIES

Grace E. Allphin, President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society, reports the overcoming of some of the difficulties of the visiting teachers' program by the Powell Branch:

Our visiting teaching, during the years from 1942 through 1945, was done under quite a handicap in our branch of about thirty members. Because of war restrictions on gasoline and tires, many of the sisters were unable to carry on their visiting teaching. To visit one district of six members, we traveled fourteen miles, and would then double back and go on another district, which covered thirty-five miles, to visit seven members —traveling a total of forty-nine miles. For nearly two years, these districts were taken by Mary Helen Giles and Elizabeth Christensen. When the husband of Sister Giles was called into military service and Sister Giles left the branch, Bettina Graham took her place as a visiting teacher. Later, when cars were showing more wear, we alternated on our thirty-five mile district with Charlotte Walker and Elaine Schnabel, who had a town district. By each of the four teachers using her car alternately, we were able to continue our visiting.



MEXICAN MISSION
REUNION OF RELIEF SOCIETY MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Sister Mary D. Pierce, President, Mexican Mission Relief Societies, reports that during the general conference of the Mexican Mission May 24, 25, and 26, 1946, a special meeting of mothers and daughters was held, with more than four hundred in attendance. The talks emphasized the spiritual blessings enjoyed by the women of the Church and the teachings given to improve their temporal welfare. The highlight of the meeting was a talk by President George Albert Smith to the Relief Society women. He spoke of the duties and obligations of Latter-day Saint mothers in establishing a firm gospel foundation in the training of their children.

In connection with the conference, a sewing exhibit was presented by the Relief Society. Included were articles from all parts of the mission, a total of 170 pieces. Typical Mexican handiwork; crocheting, knitting, drawn work, and cross-stitch designs decorated the tablecloths, runners, luncheon sets, napkins, pillowslips, aprons, handkerchiefs, and many other exquisitely made articles. Hot pads, quilts, and handkerchief bags were also exhibited.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION
CAMBRIDGE CITY BRANCH (INDIANA) REFERENCE LIBRARY

Elna P. Haymond, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, reports an interesting communication from Edith M. Dale of the Cambridge City Branch, regarding the establishment of a reference library:

It was felt that the branch needed a proper library. Accordingly, a librarian was set apart by the branch president, and a library started. This library is now made up of approximately 250 books, including *A Comprehensive History of the Church*, and practically every book that has been published by the Church in the last few years. Every effort will be made by us to add those books that will be of help to our teachers. The books purchased by the Relief Society have been turned over to the branch library, which is supported by a regular budget allowance. We are proud of our library here and feel that it is perhaps as complete as any in the mission.

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, EL DORADO (ARKANSAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED FOR BREADMAKING DEMONSTRATION JUNE 18, 1946

This demonstration was held at the home of Lucille McClurg. A quilt was also completed at this meeting. Maude Flemiken is president of the El Dorado Relief Society and Alma Redick, who submitted the photograph, is secretary. Sister Martha W. Brown is the new president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.

COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS' CONVENTION OCTOBER 26, 1945

Left to right: Mary Farrer; Ada Greenwood; Lottie Evans; Olive Jensen; Jane Eskelson; Thelma Davis; Johanna Sanderson; Lavern Kurtz; May Olson; Martha Walker; Florence Peterson; Mildred Gerrard; Rowena Wood; Regina Erickson, First Counselor, Cottonwood Stake; Esther Moore; Lillian Candland.

These sisters, also, are all work day leaders or work directors. Part of the Welfare sewing exhibit may be seen in the background.

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH)
RELIEF SOCIETY (1945) CHURCH WELFARE ASSIGNMENT

This assignment was completed September 28, 1945. The sewing was done by the nine wards and two branches of the stake. It took considerable effort to purchase the yardage for so large an assignment, but it was accomplished by each ward and branch accepting a part of the responsibility. The workmanship on these articles is of excellent quality, and the layettes are handmade, trimmed with silk crocheted edgings and lace. The pillowcases have crocheted edges. The women's and misses' dresses are individually patterned and made well.

This stake project resulted in great joy for the Relief Society workers and they have followed the admonition: "It is better to give than to receive."

Officers of the Palmyra Stake Relief Society are: President Phoebe I. Markham; Counselors LaReta E. Brockbank and Mary C. Davis; Secretary Mary W. Christensen.

BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH) CORRINE WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY AND SINGING MOTHERS

At piano: Evelyn Anderson.

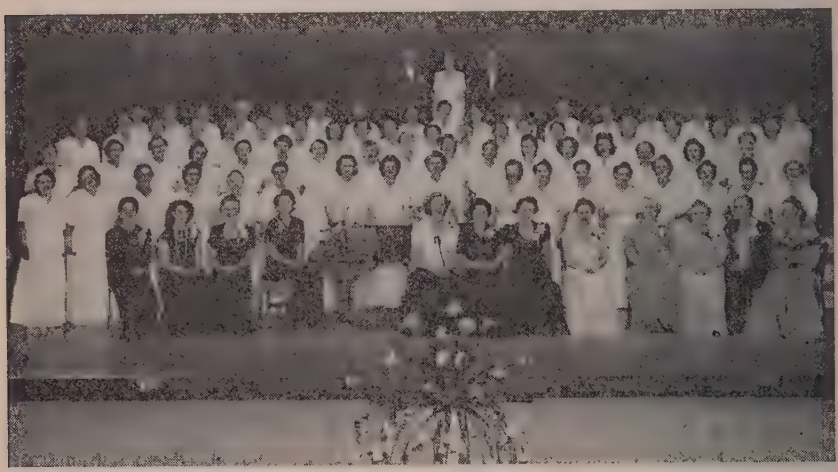
First row, left to right: Mabel S. Rasmussen, director, Singing Mothers; Leona

Cheal; Rhoda Owens; Rose Nelson, First Counselor; Alice Norman, President; Barbara Wright, Second Counselor; Lila Rader; Hazel Christensen; Dyan Jones; Katie Nelson.

Second row, left to right: Lois Hubbard; Verda Welch; Miriam Thompson; Martha Smoot; Fay Holman; Ethel Wood; Hulda Campbell; Gwenith Rader; Elsie Burt.

Sister Margaret Hatch, a Relief Society singer for many years, was ill at the time this photograph was taken.

Mabel S. Rasmussen, director of the Singing Mothers, reports that these women travel six to ten miles, round trip, for singing practice and Relief Society meetings. This group sings whenever requested and take great joy in this activity and all Relief Society work. Most of the Singing Mothers are also visiting teachers.



SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Lillian Collings, reader; Sylvia Riggs, organist; Mabel Rice, conductor; Lucille Peel, pianist; Ruth Ryan, First Counselor, South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society; Rose Astle, President; Laveade Gervais, Second Counselor; Viola Hawes, Secretary; Laura Hatch, assistant work director; Etta Glover, *Magazine* representative; Florence Jepperson Madsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Mildred Clark, social science leader.

Immediately back of the piano, standing, stake board members: Nellie Hartwig, visiting teachers' topic leader; Lucille Anderson, theology leader; Reva Fleming, literature leader.

Standing at the back, soloists: Crawford Davis, baritone; Beth Ellsworth, soprano; Hyrum Christiansen, tenor.

March 15, 1946, these Singing Mothers presented the Easter Cantata: "The Seven Last Words of Christ," in the stake auditorium. The beautiful staging effects were arranged by Lillian Collings and Roy Barker. June Hibbert was in charge of the wardrobe, assisted by Monida Frey and Lela Fleming. Officers of the Singing Mothers are: Blanche Boyle, President; Arlee Collie, Secretary; Hedwig Berg, librarian. Professor Florence Jepperson Madsen, of Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, and a member of the General Board of Relief Society, was a special guest.

Photograph submitted by Rose Astle, President, South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), VERNAL SECOND WARD
QUILT-MAKING PROJECT

The beautiful quilts shown in the picture were made by some of the older women of the ward for the young mothers who regularly attend Relief Society meetings.

Front row, left to right: Paula Hodgkinson; Ada Busch; Dorothy O'Neil; Ruth Robertson; Heddy Hodgkinson.

Back row, left to right: First Counselor Sarah B. Bingham; President Elfreda D. Bryson; Second Counselor Ella Y. Siddoway; Secretary Jennie Feltch.

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), NAPLES WARD
EXHIBIT OF RELIEF SOCIETY QUILTS

These quilts illustrate the many beautiful block and quilting patterns worked out by the sisters of Naples Ward. Sister Lavina Chivers is president of the Naples Ward Relief Society. Sister Muriel S. Wallis is president of Uintah Stake Relief Society.

NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO), NAMPA FIRST WARD
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 20, 1946

Under the direction of Sister Minnie L. Sorensen, the Nampa First Ward Relief Society members and their husbands enjoyed an unusually successful anniversary party. The hall was decorated in blue and gold; large bowls of daffodils and pussywillows decorated the tables; daughters of Relief Society members, wearing blue and gold costumes, waited on the tables. The women in charge of the entertainment wore corsages of blue and gold. The climax of the evening was the singing of "A Hundred Thousand Strong."

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA)
MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES

Front row, left to right: Etta Glover, stake magazine representative; Viva Wright, Walnut Park Ward.

Back row, left to right: Yelline Neilsen, South Gate Ward; Ida Snyder, Manchester Ward; Seraph Allred, Vermont Ward; Lillie Griffiths, Maywood Ward; Anna Struhs, Firestone Park Ward; Hazel Dunford, Huntington Park Ward; Ramona Wells, Matthews Ward.

Sister Rose B. Astle is president of the South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society. The stake achieved 126 per cent as their record on the *Magazine* honor roll for 1945.

ENSIGN STAKE, SALT LAKE CITY (UTAH)
SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row: extreme left, Margaret Merrill, organist; seventh from left, Lucile B. Swenson, chorister.

Second row: extreme left, Alice B. Steinicke, President, Ensign Stake Relief Society; third from left, Lydia Smith, soloist; tenth from left, Jean Wessman, assistant organist.

Third row: ninth from left, Hilda Lance, member, Ensign Stake Relief Society Board.

These Singing Mothers practice weekly, and the rehearsals are opened and closed with prayer. A most beautiful spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm prevails.

MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA), LAS VEGAS SECOND WARD,
WELFARE MEETING, AUGUST 14, 1946

Sister Lila Leavitt, ward president, at left center, holding a corner of the rug; Stake President Mae Larson, in the white dress, standing beside Sister Leavitt.

This meeting featured a handwork display, as shown in the picture, and a special program. Refreshments were served.

Theology—Church History

Lesson 24—The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Over a Century Old

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, May 6, 1947

Objective: To review in brief the ushering in of the last and greatest dispensation—the fulness of times.

THE first hundred years of the Church, again established upon the earth, have marked the world with new light. Greater progress than has ever been known to man has come within the years since 1830. Blessings—material, intellectual, and spiritual, are here now for all God's children. As a Church, we lay claim to all of these advancements because inspiration has come to all from him who knows all truth. We know that it is by no mere chance that so great have been the strides in science, education, and culture for all living. Did not the Lord himself promise a restoration of all things, when he spoke the words recorded in the Old Testament, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh" (Joel 2:28)?

Before we consider some of the important events studied during our Church history course these past three years, let us, in part at least, look at the material gains that are now a part of everyday living, which were unthought of in 1830.

Standards of living today have made a phenomenal advancement during the past century. The writer remembers but a few years ago an experience at the New York World's Fair. In the electrical building, the designers of that exhibit had re-created a street of the nineties. Shops and stores, boardwalks and a cobble road, first met the eye. Then, there were unsightly telephone poles with their glass insulators. Dim lights cast a yellow glow from the high crossbars, and from the store windows. One fairly groped along the street. And this was a representation of the new electrical age, a great advance over the candle and firelight period of the 1830's!

One walked along this world of yesterday to turn the corner into today's avenue of light. It was like walking from night into day. A modern boulevard with brilliant lights greeted each visitor who gazed into up-to-date store windows. Everywhere there was brightness and life. What a contrast, and in such sharp relief, the old and the new in immediate relation to one another!

Somehow, we have slipped gradually into our modern world, and in so doing, have forgotten how great the change has been. According to

one authority, the advance in the richness of personal life, so far as material conveniences are concerned, has risen one thousand per cent.

In the field of medicine and surgery, within the past one hundred years, three of the greatest discoveries of all time have been made: anaesthesia; the germ theory of disease; and antisepsis. These have assuaged suffering and prolonged life.

One but needs to dwell for a moment on the thought of the atomic age into which the recent world war has plunged us. Truly, if ever, Christ's greatest tenet—"Love one another" must now become the greatest of forces in human life if we, as a world of human beings, are to live together. Yes, God has poured out his spirit upon all flesh, but one wonders if this, the beginning of all good gifts, can find a place in a world where God also has given man his free agency.

And what are the claims of the Church in this age of wonders? We say that all great discoveries have come because God has willed them. He is the author of all truth, his is the spirit that lightens every man that comes into the world. These things have come to mankind as but another manifestation of the Lord's will to bless his children, and with their coming, too, he has fulfilled the greater promise—that of restoring the gospel of the Redeemer. Such was the mission of the first vision of the Father, in company with the Son, to Joseph Smith. The words, "This is my beloved son, hear him," have rung through these hundred years, and the world has heard him as never before, in evidence of which, we of the Church of Jesus Christ, point to the marvelous advancement of this age. Assuredly—

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled.
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of true divine;
The glory bursting from afar
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

And now, to touch again the high lights of the century past, in so far as its narrative is connected with the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Church that came again with the divine mission to elevate, to build up, to regenerate. It has taught again the ageless truths of man's correct relationship to his Creator, his true purpose in life, and the way he should go if he is to gain ultimate exaltation in his Father's kingdom.

Four things stand out: *a vision; a new witness; authority;* and *Christ's Church.* Upon these cornerstones, now rests the firm foundation of God's modern work and a wonder.

The First Vision of the Father and the Son

Joseph Smith was the instrument, and 1820 was the year. God began then, for the last time, his work of the fulness of salvation among men. And, through the efforts of this humble boy, the world has come, as of old, to know of eternal life.

Small wonder that Joseph never forgot that he had "seen a light, and in the midst of that light . . . two Personages," and they did, in reality, speak to him. And though he was to be persecuted all the days of his life for so declaring, yet he knew, and dared not deny, neither would deny, that he had seen a vision.

As he walked in the fresh spring air down the lane that led from the grove—a Sacred Grove now—his Lord, a living Savior, who called him by name, had left in his soul the music of an eternal voice. Did Joseph ever forget that voice? Never! and that voice, though it came like the rushing of a mighty wind, or with the still, quiet assurance of a loving father, was ever known to Joseph. And Joseph, like the chosen disciples of old, with ear attuned, ever listened to its solemn counsel.

Through Joseph Smith, the world today has the words of that voice, uttered for our times, "pregnant with wisdom and purpose, throwing a flood of light upon the gospel." Blessed is he that reads and keeps these words, which may be found in the book of the Doctrine and Covenants.

A New Witness for Christ—The Book of Mormon

Within this Book of Mormon, is recorded the fulness of the gospel, once again, for the world—the Savior's gospel, with its sweet and precious truths to enlighten the mind and quicken the hearts of all who hunger after righteousness. For God has said that in the mouths of two or more witnesses shall all truth be established. Now, the world has another record to tell of Christ's message—in addition to the Bible.

Authority From on High—John the Baptist and the Holy Priesthood

It was the 15th of May, 1829. There, in the brightness of the warm spring sunbeams that streamed down through the trees, two young men knelt, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and spoke their wishes to God. Presently, in a cloud of light that exceeded the brilliance of that beautiful day, there stood beside them a heavenly messenger. Placing his hands upon their bowed heads, he spoke:

> Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 13).

The Church of Jesus Christ Again Organized

In the month of April, and in the year 1830, the following revelation came through Joseph the Prophet:

> The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month which is called April—Which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jun., who was called of God, and ordained an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first elder of this Church . . . And this according to the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom be all glory, both now and forever. Amen (Doc. and Cov. 20: 1, 2, 4).

What are the future years and the blessings for the children of men? Time alone can tell, but of this we may be sure, God has said that heaven and earth shall pass away, but that his word shall not pass away. It is upon his word that we rely. That word promises a great day! To speed its arrival, his Church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with all its blessings for

mankind, is here—and here to stay (Dan. 2:44). Its mission is clear, its destiny glorious. God be praised!

Suggestions for Active Reading and Discussion

At the conclusion of any long period of work and study, one often feels like singing. Certainly, in the *Songs of Zion*, one may find excellent voicing of the glories of the restored gospel. Spend this discussion period studying, and singing, if you like, the words of these songs that best express the restoration of the fulness of times. Here are a few suggestions in the form of song titles:

"The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee"
"An Angel from on High"
"Praise to the Man"
"For the Strength of the Hills"
"The Spirit of God Like a Fire"
"In Our Lovely Deseret"
"Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded"
"Our Mountain Home So Dear"
"Now Let Us Rejoice"
"The Day Dawn is Breaking"
"O Ye Mountains High"
"One Hundred Years"

Have each class member come prepared to read and comment on a favorite passage of scripture from the Doctrine and Covenants.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 8—Thirst for Knowledge

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, May 6, 1947

Objective: To inspire an appreciation in us of the pioneer thirst for knowledge, that urge to progress, that search for ultimate perfection.

WHEN Joseph Smith made the statements: "The glory of God is intelligence" and "A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge," he set up high ideals for education in the Church.

In a recent report by the director of economic and business research of the University of Utah, we learn that Utah today leads the United States in education per capita. This is not only a tribute to the State itself, but is also a tribute to the founders of the State, who opened a day school three months after their arrival in the Valley in 1847, and established a university three years later.

Going back to the early days of the Church, we find that the "School of the Prophets" was established in Kirtland, and the "School of Elders" in Nauvoo, for spiritual culture, and that other schools, including the University of Nauvoo, were established for secular education. And, after leaving Nauvoo, schools were conducted by the Latter-day Saints in the several temporary settlements on the way to Utah. Emmeline B. Wells taught such a school at Winter Quarters in 1846-47. Even on the plains, the emigrants taught their children to read, write, and spell.

After the arrival in the Valley, and while the pioneers were clearing their land, planting crops, and build-

ing homes, they found time to provide for the education of their children by establishing schools. In fact, one of the first activities in every community was the building of a meeting house and the establishment of a school. The first school was taught by a woman—Mary Jane Dilworth. (It is interesting to note that a schoolhouse in Salt Lake City is to be erected and given the name "Mary Jane Dilworth.")

Art culture in Utah also had its foundation in early pioneer days. Music and the drama played an important part in the amusements and the recreation of the people. Painting and sculpture were also fostered. On the plains, music, singing, and dancing gave relief from the care and worry of the long, tiresome trip. Pitt's Brass Band cheered the travelers on their journey from Nauvoo to, and beyond, the Missouri River. Many musical instruments had been tucked away in the wagons for use later. For serious moments, faith-promoting hymns such as, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," were sung by the campfires at the day's end. These activities gave great succor and support, comfort and cheer. The music was both serious and gay.

The great organ, built in the Tabernacle in the '60s, made possible a culture in music that could not have existed without it. Then there was organized a splendid orchestra which furnished music of high classic and cultural quality. Only five years after the advent into the Valley, construction of the little theater known as Social Hall, was begun. It was dedicated the following year. Later, the Salt Lake Theater was built. It was opened to the public in March 1862. In both of these houses, high-class drama was presented. Soon, dramatic entertainments were also given in most of the other communities.

There seemed to be an inborn culture in the pioneers of Utah, and their descendants have inherited their idealism, which has resulted in unusually high standards in education, music, the drama, printing, sculpture, and literature. And, very naturally, the State has produced a proportionately large number of outstanding educators, musicians, actors, painters, sculptors, and writers.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Fashion Show

Work Meeting Committee, Velma N. Simonsen, Chairman

For Tuesday, May 13, 1947

SUCCESS is to achieve that which we set out to do. Therefore, we hope that you who have participated in the sewing program have had a most successful year. We hope many of you sisters have discovered that good dressmaking is merely a matter of "know how," and that there is no special talent, no mysterious gift, nor special ability required to be able to sew well. We hope you have found that all that is

needed is good common sense, careful attention to small details, and a thorough understanding of the steps which must be followed to achieve the desired results—a perfect garment.

Nothing succeeds like success. So do have a fashion show to exhibit your work, and to let others share in the joy of your achievements. A display of other work-day accomplishments, including articles made for the welfare assignment, might also be exhibited at the same time. This could be given as part of your Relief Society Birthday program, or at your closing social. Let as many as possible see your accomplishments and catch your enthusiasm, that next year we may have many more participants in our sewing program.

Literature—America as Revealed in Its Literature

Lesson 8—America, Land of All Nations

Elder Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, May 20, 1947

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

THESE are lines from Whittier's "Centennial Hymn," written in commemoration of the hundredth birthday of our Declaration of Independence. Our nation had come to the close of this first century of freedom with its Constitution strengthened, the Union preserved; treble the number of the first thirteen stars in its flag; and its frontier advanced "from sea to shining sea." Folk from every clime were seeking it as a homeland of greater freedom, of expanded opportunity.

Following the testing days of the Civil War, our population increased by leaps and bounds. America became, in very deed, a land of all nations. Each group of the thronging immigrants to our shores naturally sought out the regions within the free domain where they best might thrive; and gave themselves to the development of the land, or to trade and industry and commerce.

This was brought home to the writer at one time while traveling through Wisconsin. For miles and miles along the route, he observed well-kept dairy farms and herds of milch cows.

"How did your State get such a start in the dairy business?" he asked.

"Well, the Swiss settled this section," a native of Wisconsin replied. "These folk had learned on the slopes of the Alps how to raise pure-bred cattle and they found here opportunity to expand the rich industry."

A little later, the train was gliding through woodlands and passing sawmill after sawmill. In response to a

like question as to that development, the fact was brought out that it was Norwegians who had come to the timber belt, and had, with their skill at lumber-making, produced the materials that transformed the sod houses of the settlers into neat, frame cottages.

To this informative experience was added another of similar import. In Scranton, Pennsylvania, heart of the anthracite coal region, it was revealed that miners from Wales had first developed that great industry. One other illuminating pleasure came during a visit there with the attending of a gathering of Welsh folk at a park. This occasion was not only a picnic, but a feast of song, story, and poetry—all in the spirit of the days of the bards and King Arthur.

These good people had come to America, like other groups, not only with manual skills, but with their native music, literature, and other means of recreation. America had opened opportunities for a richer, more abundant life; they, in turn, had helped to develop and enrich our country, not alone in a material sense, but in an artistic and cultural sense as well. To appreciate this truth is to understand better the broader sources of the strength and character of the American people.

Tolerance—one of the cardinal virtues—is cultivated as one looks for the best in folk. A first tendency in dealing with those of foreign birth is to think of their outward peculiarities—perhaps to smile at them. Time often reveals that, at heart, folk of every clime are more alike than different. To appreciate the good in folk, is generally to bring it out of them.

Literature, of the sincere, appreciative kind, opens our eyes to the lives and hearts of those portrayed. To understand those of foreign cast among us, we should turn first to the literature—the songs and stories—they brought from the old homeland; second, to their own literary expression inspired by their contacts with the new land. In the third place, there is the literature which comes from American writers who portray folk of different types in their interesting speech and reactions to our land of freedom.

So far as this last named kind of literature is concerned, it is only fair to say that it is still in the making. Our portrayals of folk from foreign strands in story, drama, song, and other types of expression, in some cases, rise to artistry. Generally speaking, however, it is clever, rather than classic—mainly creations in the varied dialects or brogues, aimed at stirring laughter. Occasionally, one gets through the lines soulful touches. Following are a few examples of such:

W'en I am com' from Eeatly,
Jus' landa from da sheep,
Som' thief he tak' my mon' from me
An' - presto! - he is skeep.

I seet een street—I am so blue—
An' justa hold my head
An' theenk 'w'at am I gone do?'
An' weesh dat I am dead.

Som' peopla com' an' look, but dey
Jus' smile and notta care;
So pretta soon dey gon' away
An' leave me seetin' dere.

But while I seet ees som'thing sof'
Dat touch my cheek an' w'en
I tak' my hand for brush eet off
Eet touch my cheek agen.
I look. Ees just a leetla cur
Dat wag hees yellow tail!

So, dees is Carlo, Meester Man;
I introduce to you,
Da true, da kinda 'Merican
Da first I evva knew!
"Da Besta Frand"—T. A. Daly

WHEN MITHER'S GANE

The bairnies gang wi' ragged claes,
Sin' mither's gane.
There's nane to men their broken taes,
Or laugh at a' their pawky ways,
The nights are langer than the days,
When mither's gane.

Wha, cheers them when there's ocht amiss,
Sin' mither's gane?
Wha, tak's their pairt in that or this,
An' oot o' trouble mak's a bliss
Wi' kindly work and guid-nicht kiss?
Dear mither's gane.
—Anonymous.

Other dialectic poetry representative of various nationalities may be found in *Interpretive Selections for Colleges*, by Maud May Babcock; and in *The Norse Nightingale*, a humorous presentation of old American favorite poems in Scandinavian style. Milt Gross has also given us similar presentations in Jewish dialect. All these creations may afford some harmless pleasure when well read; but they are not literature that portrays the inner souls of the varied folk who have made America their homeland.

One gets closer to the thoughts and lives of these people through more searching expression. Here is one story which came from one of the writer's students in New York University. It may serve to lift some of the struggle of foreign folk, who finally won their way to America, more vibrantly before us.

"My mother," said this girl, "lived in Russia during the reign of the Czar. She was a widow with three children. I was one of them. Though I was too young to realize her hardships, I did get some feel of the struggle.

"Her dream, as we learned later, was to come to America with us. To make this a reality, she planned and worked. It would take money. We had scarcely enough to keep the wolf from the door. Yet once in a while she did get a coin she felt must be spared.

"Her bank was a bag hidden in a post-hole of our corral. Out she would steal to this in the dead of night and lift the post set loosely in the hole. Then, opening the bag, drop the coin into it, and return to the house. For several years, she persisted in this money saving.

"Finally, came her golden opportunity . . . . Mother, seizing her chance, lifted her precious store, and brought us all to this land of freedom. What a priceless heritage that dear soul, now passed away, has bequeathed to me."

Perhaps a million stories of similar import and spirit might be related by other freedom-seeking folk who finally made this their homeland. Dr. Edward Alfred Steiner used to tell teachers in their institutes, of his struggle as a boy to get to this country, and of the testing days after his arrival as a lone lad of foreign tongue getting started here. One first bit of advice freely given him at the outset was, "Remember, young man, in this country, God helps those who help themselves."

He had come, he said, to a free country; yet, after the first day, with every cent of his money gone, he found that the only free thing he could get was ice water.

In her *America and I*, another immigrant, Anzia Yezierska, pictures vividly her beginning struggles in America. She had come with rosy dreams of quick wealth, of opportunities for expressing her soul in a free country. Sadly, she soon found herself disillusioned. Forced to work

to keep from starving, she finally took the only job she could find, one of "sweatshop" type, sewing black buttons on shirts. It was a cruel crashing of her high hopes.

One day, in desperation, she went to a settlement house for advice. Received rather coldly there, she gave vent to her pent-up feelings. Finally, the attendant, after listening to her plea for something better than the soul-searing work she was doing, said, "What do you want?"

"I want America to want me," was her passionate reply.

"You will have to show that you have something special for America, before America has need of you," came the reply.

After another burst of pent-up emotion and appeal from this immigrant girl, the attendant said, "America is no Utopia. First, you must become proficient in earning a living before you can indulge in your poetic dreams."

Anzia says she went out of that office with the light out of her eyes, and her feet dragging like dead wood. She had not made herself understood. Something about America was different. What was that difference?

"I began to read American history," she continues. "I found from the first pages that America started with a band of Pilgrims. They had left their native country, as I had left mine. They had crossed an unknown ocean and landed in an unknown country as I.

"But the great difference between the first Pilgrims and me was that they expected to make America, build America, create their own world of liberty. I wanted to find it ready made."

This re-discovery of America by an earnest girl of foreign birth became the beginning of her future success. It is something that every new American, and those who claim a richer heritage by reason of forebears that go back to Pilgrim Revolutionary heroes must learn and keep learning to hold their Americanism true and safe. Our land of liberty is not ready made for any one of us; it is a land of opportunity of service, of freedom, for those willing to work or fight, if need be, for that boon.

Something deeper than mere material aspects explains the thronging of folk from many lands to our shores. What is it? Here is a simple answer from a fifth grade school boy. The writer had asked of a class, "Why are you glad you live in America?"

Varied replies came from the eager youngsters. Finally, this lad said, "I am glad I live in America, because in America it is not where you come from, it's you."

Everyone, even a child, wants to feel the spirit of fair play, of equality of opportunity; and that is just what the country affords for all who come with honest purpose seeking its privileges. If one poem more than another, from a foreign strand, voices the true heart of America, it is "A Man's a Man for a' That" by Robert Burns. Following are stanzas from that classic. It was written, so it is said, when this gifted poet, after entertaining some of the Scottish nobility, had been sent to eat with the servants. Burns passed back his feelings over such aristocratic treatment through a poem that has rung round the world:

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, and a' that;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

* * * * *

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

An outstanding literary creation, whose name has become classic, is *The Melting Pot*, a stirring drama by Israel Zangwill. Its hero, David, an immigrant youth, who has escaped from Old World tyranny, finally reaches America, and as he looks upon New York, with its impressive skyline and the Statue of Liberty, exclaims:

There she lies, the great Melting-Pot—listen! Can't you hear the roaring and bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian,—black and yellow—Jew and Gentile—Yes, East and West, North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared to the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward!

Yes, America is truly a "melting pot"—yet one of her most serious problems is, and ever has been, to make the melting most successful. How can the melting, the fusing, the refining process best be promoted?

An experience of the writer, in boyhood, provides an analogy that may point helpfully to the answer. During his youthful years, he was reared near the old Jordan smelter; and often, with other young playmates, would watch, with eager interest, the magical process of extracting the precious metals from the ore. There it was, in varicolored piles from the mines of Bingham, Alta, Park City, Eureka, and other nearby camps.

Workers would cart this ore to the "melting pot" or huge retort. Then they would shovel into this receptacle some of it; and add a layer of limestone, then more ore, and more limestone. When the "melting pot" was about filled, the fire beneath it would be set roaring. Finally came the tapping of the pot, and lo! the molten stream would pour out of its spout, to fall into inverted conical, iron kettles on wheels. These would be drawn to the edge of the great slag dump and there allowed to remain until the melted ore had cooled.

A next step was to upturn the kettles, and out would fall what looked like big chocolate drops. Along a workman would come and, with his sledge hammer, give each of these a crack, and knock off its tip. That ingot contained the gold, silver, or

other valuable metal which had sunk to the bottom of the conical kettle when the melting took place. Upturned, it formed the tip of the cone.

"What had the limestone to do with the process?" someone may ask.

That was added to promote the fusing or melting of the ore. It helped to bring out the precious metals. This fact we youngsters learned afterwards in school.

Right here is the main point of our analogy. To get the best out of folk of different origins—particularly to bring them into more co-operative working relationship, there must be something to promote the fusion of their natures. This may be found in a common language, in literature of common appeal, in music, art, and education in a general sense. Most vital, however, of all the fusing elements is true religion.

In the story of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is striking and abundant proof of the beneficent effects of the gospel in promoting brotherhood, unity, concerted action for the common good. Our people, gathered from many lands, have come through testing hardships to our land of Zion, and, under the fusing influence of the gospel, performed a mighty work and a wonder in making "the desert blossom as a rose"—but more vital still in redeeming souls and leading honest, God-fearing folk along the path of righteousness.

Now the golden, the challenging opportunity to share with all the world the glories of the restored gospel has come. Our America—Land of All Nations—has the position of leadership in the mighty development. As a people, the Latter-day Saints have had a foundational training for the great work of guiding and inspiring folk of every clime towards freedom along the way of truth and goodness. Our prayer is that we shall play the role with true faith, courage and understanding in the great drama that lies ahead.

Discussion and Activities

1. How many nations, through birth, parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, are represented in the class studying this lesson with you? Join in finding out.

2. a. Tell of special skills, trades, industries folk from other lands you know well brought to our country and state. b. What else in the way of food recipes, home helps, folk songs, games, poems, stories did they bring?

3. a. What literature created by authors from other lands: Scotland, England, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Ireland, Wales, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, enriches our American literature? b. What other contributions in art and music have been brought from these lands?

4. a. What is the great debt that folk of every land who have made this a home owe to our America? b. How best can they constantly help to pay the debt?

5. Be ready with a stanza or short poem —or a paragraph, or brief synopsis of a story or drama to join in sharing literature that portrays different types of Americans of foreign cast.

6. a. What vital problem is presented in the analogy of America as a "melting pot"? b. How has our Church succeeded in solving, with encouraging results, that problem? c. What is the great work that lies ahead?

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Optional Lessons in Lieu of Literature Course—The Gospel as a Way of Life

Lesson 8—Education and Recreation

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, May 20, 1947

FROM the earliest days of the restoration of the gospel, the Church has manifested a strong interest in the education of its members. There are perhaps two fundamental concepts that have contributed to this condition. The first is the conception that the ultimate salvation and exaltation of an individual will depend, to a great extent, upon his knowledge and intelligence. Believing, as we do, that the ultimate goal of eternal life is the attainment of a degree of Godhood, it is logical to draw the conclusion that such a position can be achieved only when the individual is sufficiently advanced in understanding to assume such a position with its powers and possibilities. The statement so often repeated, "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth" (Doc. and Cov. 93:36), stimulated the Latter-day Saints to become interested in education. Some years later the Lord revealed:

> Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come (Doc. and Cov. 130:18-19).

The thought expressed in this quotation became a powerful incentive to study, learn and observe, in order to enter the next life with as much intellectual understanding as possible, thereby having an advantage over dilatory ones who failed to acquire knowledge during mortality.

Another idea that influenced the Church to interest itself in education arose from the nature of the organization of the Church. Unlike most other churches, we have neither professional nor trained clergymen. It is what is referred to as a "lay-leadership church," meaning that the laity, or members of the Church, assume the responsibility for its leadership. In order to provide effective leadership, with ability to speak properly, write correctly and effectively, interpret the relationship of religion to life, and understand the nature of social trends,

the Church needed to provide for the intellectual and cultural growth of all of its members. Furthermore, the nature of our "lay-missionary" system, in which each Church member is a potential missionary, demanded that the standard of education within the Church be high.

An organized school effort within the Church was undertaken at Kirtland, Ohio, and is known as the "School of the Prophets." It was to be primarily a leadership training school for the adult members of the Church, to prepare them for their responsibilities as Church leaders and missionaries. The following instructions, taken from revelations dated December 27, 1832, and March 8, 1833, were directed to these early Church leaders:

> Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand; Of things both in heaven and in the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms . . . seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith . . . And set in order the churches, and study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people (Doc. and Cov. 88:78-79; 118; 90:15).

An analysis of the foregoing quotations will indicate that the saints were to study things that we today know as astronomy, geology, ancient, modern, and current history, domestic and foreign affairs, international relations, geography, politics, ethnology, archaeology and foreign languages. The brethren took these instructions seriously and, while engaged in earning their daily bread, found time to improve their minds, and even undertook the study of the Hebrew language in order to better understand the message of the Old Testament, and planned to learn Greek for use in the study of the New Testament. At Nauvoo, they incorporated into their charter the right to establish a municipal university—the first in the United States. The pioneer groups brought with them to the West books and maps, which were used in the elementary schools of that day. As Latter-day Saint groups were organized and sent out to colonize the various valleys of the West, it was always arranged that a teacher or two would be included in the personnel that was to settle the new community.

Throughout the districts where Latter-day Saints predominate, the Church Board of Education, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, established academies, that were, in reality, the forerunners of the modern high schools. As the various state departments of education entered the field of secondary or high school education, the Church withdrew from it, and pioneered the junior college field. Gradually, as the states took over the junior college level of education, the Church withdrew from this field. Today, only the Ricks College at Rexburg and the Juarez Academy in Mexico remain of this once extensive system. The Church pioneered in fields where the states were not functioning, in order to

provide its members with advantages for education and training for Church leadership. When the Church withdrew from the high school and junior college fields of education, it pioneered a new type of religious education, namely, the seminary and institute of religion designed to supplement public education with religious education. It also embarked upon a program for the growth and improvement of the Brigham Young University as a great Church university of higher learning.

Today, in addition to the Brigham Young University, which has an enrollment of about 4,500 students, the Church operates twelve institutes of religion in connection with state universities and junior colleges, ninety-nine seminaries in connection with high schools, the Latter-day Saints Business College in Salt Lake City, Ricks Junior College at Rexburg, Idaho, and Juarez Academy at Juarez, Mexico. During the academic year 1944-1945, the last year for which complete statistics are available, these institutions, with 376 teachers, served 27,043 students. The Church leaders are so converted to the need of this educational work for the spiritual advancement of its membership that they appropriated more than one million dollars of Church funds for the maintenance of the department of education during the year 1945. Surely, no Church in proportion to its size has invested as heavily for the education of its members as has the restored Church.

In addition to this formal education, the Church provides educational opportunities through the Priesthood and auxiliary organizations of the Church. Lessons in Priesthood meeting, Relief Society, Sunday School, Primary, and Mutual Improvement Association classes give hundreds of thousands of members a chance for continued intellectual growth, even after school has been completed.

Another phase of activity, in which the Church has been interested since its early days, is the recreational life of its membership. Latter-day Saints have never accepted the view, so commonly held by so many Christian denominations, that mortal life began in sin, and the body is therefore evil, while only the spirit is good. The restored Church teaches that life is good, and that both body and spirit should live joyfully and happily. "Men are that they might have joy," has come to be a maxim of the Latter-day Saint interpretation of earth life. But this joy is more than mere pleasure—it is interpreted to mean something akin to true happiness, resulting from good conduct, high idealism, and good ethical living, having lasting value, followed by no regrets. Early Church leaders were practical men of vision, who knew that relaxation was needed for a well-rounded personal development. At Nauvoo, the leaders of the Church encouraged the saints to participate in wholesome recreation, and set the example by taking part in stage plays. Dramatic productions were given during the trying years of the western exodus, and continued to be given in Utah. In time, the great Mutual Improvement Association and Primary organizations developed elaborate programs for the constructive use of leisure time. They provided recreation of all

types, but arranged for it under ideal, wholesome conditions, wherein people, young and old, could have a good time in a proper way.

The prayer offered at the dedication of the Salt Lake Theater, in 1862, contains a fine statement of the Church's attitude toward recreation:

> Suffer no evil or wicked influences to predominate or prevail within these walls; neither disorder, drunkenness, debauchery, or licentiousness of any sort or kind; but rather than this, let it utterly perish and crumble to atoms; let it be as though it had not been, an utter waste, each and every part returned to its natural element; but may order, virtue, cleanliness, sobriety, and excellence obtain and hold fast possession herein, the righteous possess it, and "Holiness to the Lord" be forever inscribed therein . . . . As the unstrung bow no longer retains its elasticity, strength and powers, so may Thy people who congregate here for recreation, unbend for a while from the sterner and more wearying duties of life (Pyper, *Romance of an Old Playhouse*, page 92).

Today, the Church follows this philosophy of recreation. It offers through its auxiliary associations, recreational activities designed to care for the varied interests of all groups —music, handwork, athletics, debating, oral expression, drama, outdoor camps and vacation centers, scouting, art, social dancing, and creative interpretation. These are wholesome opportunities to "unbend for a while from the sterner and more wearying duties of life." Furthermore, many of these activities afford opportunity for intellectual and cultural growth. Mormon recreation has never been viewed as an end in itself, but as a means of relaxation, creative activity, and cultural or intellectual growth.

What are the fruits of the educational and recreational programs of the Church? We have attained a high degree of leadership, with our people holding many positions of trust and responsibility in all parts of the world, in all types of human endeavor. We have a higher percentage of our young people completing high school than any other religious group in America, and the number of Latter-day Saints who attend college is more than twice the national average. Thousands of members trained in the schools and auxiliaries are today occupying positions of executive and spiritual leadership in the wards and stakes of the Church, and the organizations continue to grow. Our recreational program has been widely acclaimed throughout the nation, and has proved to be a strong deterrent of juvenile delinquency. These are fruits of which we can well be proud.

Questions and Activity Problems

1. What do you think caused the Church in the days of its infancy to embark upon a vast educational program to train its members?

2. Have a class member present the educational expenditures for 1945 from the financial statement presented at April Conference, 1946.

3. What does recreation achieve in the life of the individual?

4. What are the fruits of Mormonism from the standpoint of its educational and recreational programs today?

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Social Science—The Family in the Gospel Plan

Lesson 7—Gratitude in the Home

Social Science Committee, Leone O. Jacobs, Chairman

For Tuesday, May 27, 1947

Objective: To point out that it is not enough to feel gratitude, but that it must be expressed in word and deed, if a lasting impression is to be made upon family members.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart;
I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.
I will be glad and rejoice in thee:
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High.
Psalm 9:1-2

SO David, one of the most beloved characters in the Old Testament, expressed his gratitude to God. Many of the psalms are revealing poems of praise and thanksgiving. (See Psalms 30, 63, 95, 98, 116, 145, 147, 148, 149, 150.)

Cicero, the celebrated Roman author, orator, and philosopher once said: "Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues but the parent of all the others." Said another writer: "Blessed is any man or woman with a grateful heart."

Outward expressions of gratitude are good for the soul. They bring joy and encouragement to the recipient and growth and happiness to the giver. Expressions of gratitude stimulate love and, if we have love in our hearts, we will have inner peace. Our countenances will be radiant, our thoughts will be affirmative and not negative. A whole lesson might be written on the effect of our thoughts upon our health. We read in Proverbs: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones." A modern writer, William George Jordan, in his book *The Power of Truth*, states that "gratitude gives new life and energy to the individual from whom it emanates."

We have all had well up within us, feelings of gratitude, and, though we may not be able to express our worshipful attitude in such lofty language as did David, the psalmist, we can *feel* as deep a sense of gratitude as he did, and we can translate our thanks to God into the acts of our daily lives.

It has been said that *gratitude is love in action*. Henry Drummond, in his worthwhile essay "The Greatest Thing in the World," claims that love, as analyzed by the Apostle Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, is more to be desired than any other gift. If gratitude is love in action, we may apply all that Drummond says concerning this quality to that of gratitude:

> The business of our lives, is to have these things fitted into our characters. That is the supreme work to which we need to address ourselves in this world. Is life not full of opportunities for learning love? The world is not a playground; it is a school room. Life is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love. What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What

makes a man a good linguist, a good stenographer? Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no bicep muscles; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre nor beauty of spiritual growth.

It is, therefore, plain that the chief concern of parents should be to provide their families with exercises in soul development. And, of these, none will contribute to greater beauty of spiritual growth than the habit of sincere expressions of gratitude through the acts of their daily lives.

Politeness may be nothing more than gratitude expressed for trifles. Courtesy has been called love in little things. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman poet. "It was because he had gratitude in his heart for all things—the mouse, the daisy, and all things great and small that God had created."

It is well for newly married couples to resolve to continue the little courtesies of their courtship days, since respect, admiration, and love must be fed if they are to grow. Otherwise, the everyday affairs of life may make it prosaic. The wife who notes the discontinuance of certain small acts of gallantry in her husband, such as helping her on with her coat, putting on her galoshes, may have omitted those simple words "thank you" following these small courtesies. It should not be inferred, however, that a husband or wife should feel neglected if small attentions are not constantly in evidence.

The beauty of wedding anniversaries, birthdays, Father's Day, and Mother's Day, and all such special occasions, is that they furnish an excellent opportunity for expressing gratitude. We may grow a bit sentimental on special occasions without feeling foolish. The person who is self-conscious about expressing appreciation, even on special occasions, can find an appropriate card to carry his thought. Let us not be like the Scotchman who, when his friend voiced the goodness of the recently deceased wife, replied, "Aye, and once or twice I almost told her so!"

A certain woman has had her widowhood sweetened by the remembrance of an expression her husband seldom failed to make at the close of each day, "God was good to give me you."

It cannot be impressed on parents too strongly that children are natural imitators. Those who grow up in homes where gratitude is habitually expressed will unconsciously acquire grateful hearts. A certain mother, who had five children, lost her beautiful, nine-months-old daughter. Her heart hungered for another baby and, when one came, the mother found herself expressing over and over her love for the child. It was not until she heard the little girl say, "Oh, Mommie, what would I do without you," that she realized her own words were coming back to her.

If the mother reminds the children of the thoughtfulness of their Daddy, she will hear them thanking their father after a pleasant outing, auto ride, trip to the movies, or some other joyful occasion. During, or after a childish illness, a father may recall to the child the tender care the mother has given him. The mother, in turn, may remind the

child who it is that works early and late to earn the means that provide all of the necessary and pleasant things the family enjoys.

One little fellow who had been unconsciously trained in these niceties, said to his mother, after his birthday party, "Oh, Mother, thank you for bringing me here." Children's birthdays furnish excellent opportunities for the parents to express gratitude for each particular child. Some families, on Thanksgiving Day, have formed the habit of going around the table before the festive meal starts and letting each family member mention at least one thing for which he or she is particularly thankful.

Parents, who follow the counsel of our Church leaders to resume the practice of having home evenings with their families, will find these occasions ideal times at which to teach children to express gratitude. Tell them that they can thank their Father in heaven just as well as the grownups, and teach them to sing the well-known, little song by Mary Maple Dodge, which is to be found in the Primary Song Book:

Can a little child like me,
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh yes, be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do,
Love the Lord and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart . . .
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

Children love to recite little poems, and the intimacy of the family circle furnishes an ideal opportunity. Familiar verses, such as the following, couched in such simple language that any child can understand them, teach a vital truth in what constitutes real gratitude.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, Mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

Stories, too, without pointing too obvious a moral, can gain the attention of children and teach them to express their gratitude.

It goes without saying that fathers and mothers desire their children to excel. Then parents should express their gratitude for the well-doing of children. This does not mean flattery, for flattery implies insincerity; but it does mean honest praise for worthy effort. Unconsciously, parents are prone to remark about children's mistakes rather than to note advancement. Sometimes good behavior patterns are taken too much for granted. No matter how small the accomplishment, a parent should remark pleasantly about it.

In this connection, review Aesop's fable of "The Wind and the Sun," and take to heart the truth it emphasizes.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

The Wind and the Sun were disputing which was the stronger. Suddenly they saw a traveler coming down the road, and the Sun said, "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can cause that traveler to take off his cloak shall be regarded as the stronger. You begin." So the Sun retired behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the traveler. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveler wrap his cloak round him, till at last the Wind had to give up in despair. Then the Sun came out and shone in all his glory upon the traveler, who soon removed his cloak.

Whether Aesop was a real or imaginary character is debatable, but the truth he exemplified in this short fable is very real and has been recognized by modern writers. One authority states, "With children, *praise is much more effective as a motivating agent than reproof.* In the absence of actual evidence to the contrary, there seems to be no good reason why this generalization should not be extended to include adults."

President George Albert Smith once said:

> It does not pay to scold. I believe you can get people to do anything (if you can get them to do it at all) by loving them into doing it.

Prayer as an Expression of Gratitude

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.
And to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:
To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning.
And thy faithfulness every night (Psalm 92:1-2)

"Prayer is a form of thankfulness communicated from man to God." One of the best ways to teach gratitude to children is through family prayers. As they hear their parents thank God for the everyday blessings of life, for food and raiment, for health and strength, for their comfortable home, for each other and, above all, for the gospel, they cannot help but develop a greater sense of gratitude than if they did not pray together. One father always incorporated this sentence in his prayer: "We uphold before thee, thy constituted authority here on the earth." Any family group hearing and understanding such a statement would be less likely to criticize our Church authorities and would be more appreciative of their efforts.

Teaching Children to Pray

Teaching children to pray is a sacred and important duty of parents. Froebel said:

> A child's first idea of prayer comes to him when an infant, by his mother kneeling beside his crib in silent prayer. It is a recognized fact that before the child has any religious thought or religious expression, he is capable of religious feeling.

Establishing the habit of prayer is not enough. Teach the child that:

> To say my prayer is not to pray,
> Unless I mean the words I say.

Children should be taught the sacredness of communion with God, and yet, should feel that he is a loving Father who is ever near, and who may be approached any hour of the day or night; one to whom we can speak with love and confidence as to our earthly father; one to whom we owe all the blessings we here possess—father, mother, sisters, brothers, home, friends, and all

things which make life full and beautiful. Encourage a child to express his gratitude in his own words. Spontaneous prayer is the most significant in child life.

Giving As a Means of Expressing Gratitude

Our great Church Welfare Plan furnishes a wonderful opportunity for expressing gratitude through giving, and this is by no means the least worthwhile part of the whole Program.

> Such a program gives every man an intensified interest in his brother's welfare. The program cannot succeed unless helper and helped, in brotherhood, stand shoulder to shoulder in a consecration of effort to banish the inequalities which separate them from each other and threaten their religious solidarity.

Deference to old age is still another way of expressing gratitude, and older people should expect deference from younger ones. A parent who allows a child to impose on him, is doing that child an injustice. We love those to whom we are kind and dislike those on whom we impose.

Remember that it is more than likely that your children will treat you as they are accustomed to see you treat your own elderly parents. In this connection, an indelible impression was made upon the writer at a very tender age by the following incident: A father returning home at the end of his day's labors, found his little boy laboriously carving something out of wood. "What are you doing, little son?" the father asked.

"I am making a wooden bowl," the boy replied. "When you are old and feeble like Grandfather and your hand shakes so that you cannot come to the table and eat with the family, I shall give you this wooden bowl like the one which you have given Grandfather."

Because of the ease with which gratuities may be received from governmental agencies, the practice is becoming more and more common for children to shift their responsibilities towards their aging parents. Our General Authorities have warned and rewarned us that this is wrong. In many cases, such an arrangement is made with the full consent, even at the suggestion of the parents; but let us repeat—parents who deny their children opportunities to give grateful service to them are doing those same children an injustice. Speaking of the pioneers—not only the Mormon pioneers, but of all those who colonized Western America, President J. Reuben Clark said:

> None were subsidized, none either asked for or received governmental gratuities. Had they waited for these, indeed had they got them, America would never have been built. Some justify our present economic course by saying "times have changed." So they have, but character building has not.

And, as character building has not changed, so fundamentals have not, nor ever will. In conclusion, let us return to some fundamentals mentioned by Drummond, remembering again that "gratitude is love expressed in action":

> If you love you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law. Take any of the ten commandments. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." If a man love God, you will not require to tell him that. "Take not his name in vain." Would he ever dream of taking his name in vain if he loved him? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Would he not be glad to have one day in seven to dedicate

more exclusively to the object of his affection? Love would fulfill all these laws regarding God. And so, if he loved man, you would never think of telling him to honor his father and mother. He could not do anything else. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggested that he should not steal—how could he steal from those he loved? It would be superfluous to beg him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. You would never dream of urging him not to covet what his neighbors had. He would rather they possessed it than himself.

Guidance for Discussion

No questions are given at the end of this lesson, as it is felt that discussion will arise throughout the lesson presentation. Class leaders should encourage participation of class members in relating incidents and procedures from their own experiences to add enrichment to the material given in this lesson. For instance, different members might explain the ways in which and the age at which they taught their children to pray, with application at different age levels until prayer had become an integral part of their children's adult lives.

WINTER HARVEST

Ora Lee Parthesius

What topazed autumn fruit
Could hang so temptingly,
As a crescent moon and a morning star,
High, in a black-lace tree?

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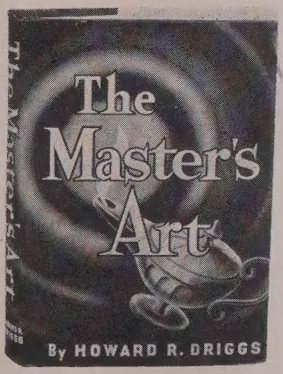

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